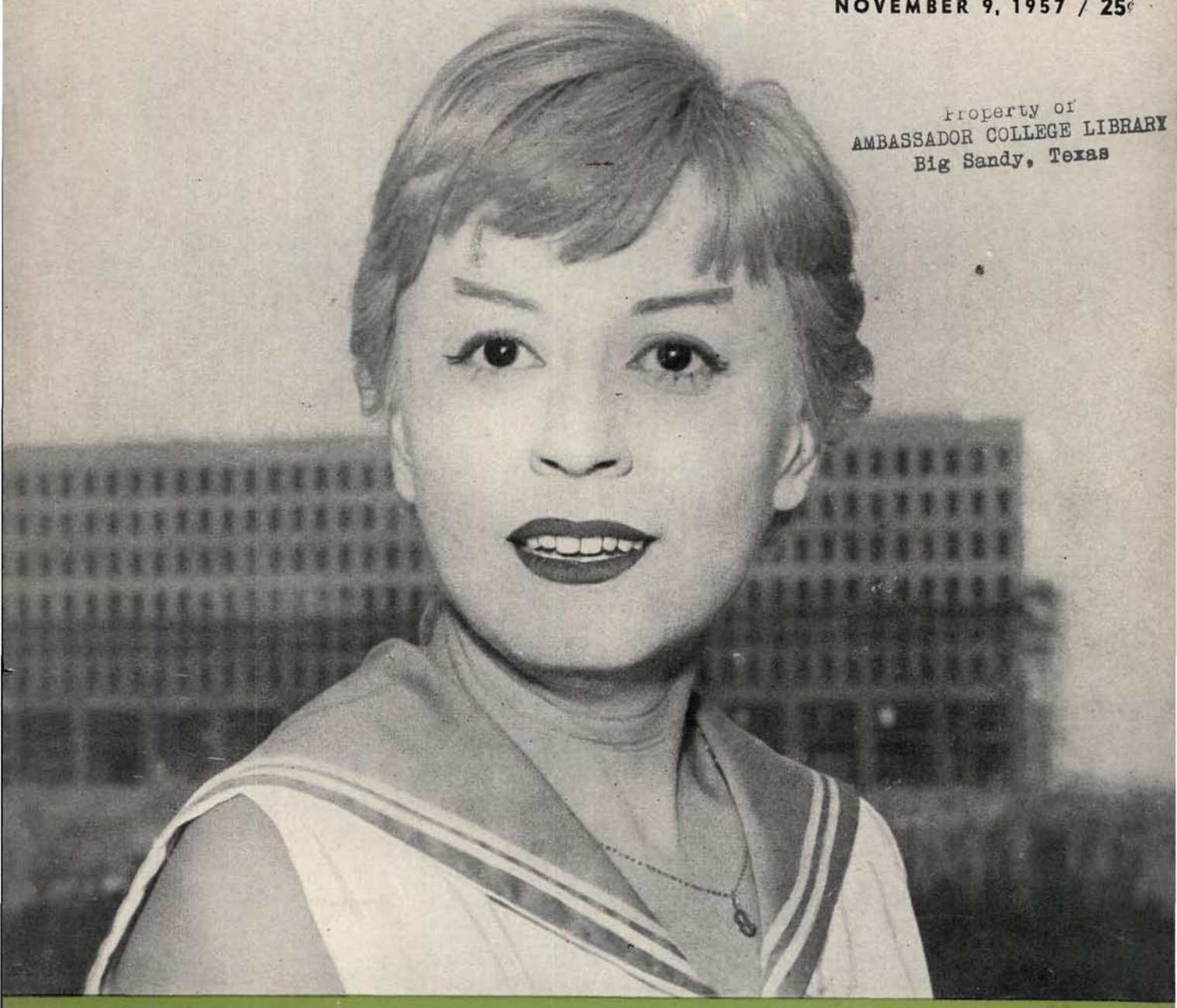
Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 9, 1957 / 25¢

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



Giulietta Masina, star of Fellini's new film "Cabiria." (See SR GOES TO THE MOVIES)

OUTDOOR ADVERTISING: THE CASE PRO AND CON

By Richard L. Neuberger and Harley B. Markham

STRAVINSKY ON SCHOENBERG, "

KEMAH TEXAS
BOX 215
MARTHA ALY
-SR63819KK6JY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new!

TRUSONIC FREE CONE SUSPENSION

A loudspeaker generates sound by moving air. If the speaker cone suspension is tight, the excursion buckles and bends the cone during operation. Stephens Trusonic has engineered the speaker cone in "free suspension," mounting it flexibly with a newly developed plastic-impregnated compliance. **This allows the speaker cone to move as a true piston.** The cone has a free excursion, eliminating distortion, giving a maximum bass response and the best transient response. The clarity and definition of Stephens Trusonic's new "free-cone suspension" speakers herald a new engineering achievement in high fidelity equipment.

These new 8" and 12" speakers provide a refreshing, new kind of sound. No showroom shrills or false lows. These speakers must be heard to be believed. Ask for a demonstration at your audio dealer's.

Listen... you'll always hear more from: STEPHENS **TRUSONIC** INC.©

8538 WARNER DRIVE, CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo: Bettman Archive

SOUNDS OF THE CIVIL WAR

If the sight of war is horrendous, its sounds can be strangely moving—especially if the war can give birth to such music as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and the bugle call "Taps." Here in a memorable new album called *The Union* are songs and sounds of the Northern cause, all superbly reproduced in as near authentic a manner as possible. Raymond Massey is not Lincoln, popular opinion to the contrary, but it is doubtful whether anyone else could deliver the Gettysburg Address with equal realism. Realistic too are the sounds of the 12-pound field pieces recorded at Bull Run. Like its companion piece *The Confederacy*, issued several years ago, *The Union* is magnificently packaged and includes a book in which many extraordinary and seldom seen Civil War photographs are reproduced.

THE UNION available soon.
DL-244 $10.00

GOULD THE INCREDIBLE

24-year-old, Toronto-born pianist Glenn Gould has been heard only a few times in the U. S. and has made only two records. Yet he is probably the most talked about young artist in the country today. His eccentricities are legendary (at recording sessions he sits at the piano with his shoes off and an electric heater trained on him, soaks his hands in warm water for twenty minutes beforehand). Even more legendary is his playing—flawless, vital, deeply poetic, slightly incredible. You can hear it for yourself in this new album, Gould's first recordings with an orchestra.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-Flat Major; **BACH:** Piano Concerto No. 1 in D-Minor—Glenn Gould, pianist, with Leonard Bernstein conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.
ML 5211 $2.98 (limited time only)

SRO AT THE WINTER GARDEN

Given a free choice of subjects from which to fashion a Broadway musical, it is unlikely that anyone except Jerome Robbins, Arthur Laurents, Stephen Sondheim and Leonard Bernstein would deliberately choose juvenile delinquency. Yet it is the conflict between a Puerto Rican "gang" on Manhattan's Upper West Side and their Yankee counterpart which is the concern of *West Side Story*, hailed by the critics as the best new show since *My Fair Lady*. It is an almost perfect musical. The score has the feeling of transplanted Puerto Rico, but the expression is pure Bernstein. The performance could not conceivably be improved upon, despite the fact that up to now, none of the actors, singers or dancers has been particularly well-known. Since the seating capacity of the Winter Garden Theatre allows for only 1,494 people per performance, this superb original cast recording may be as close as you'll get to *West Side Story* for some time, and unless we miss our guess, even it may be somewhat hard to get.

WEST SIDE STORY—Original Broadway Cast. OL 5230 $4.98

THE DANCING SOUND

Back in 1953, when it was agreed that the good old days of big dance bands were gone forever, we came across an orchestra—the property of two talented brothers named Elgart—that convinced us this wasn't so. We set out to convince everyone else with an Elgart album called *Sophisticated Swing*, and watched (somewhat amazed) while it marched briskly to the top of the best-seller list. That was nine Elgart albums ago. Today, Les and Larry (Larry sports the beard) are the happy proprietors of music's most constantly going concern. Their orchestra plays more dates, wins more polls and sells more records than any other dance band around. Their secret: a winning concoction of simple, easy-to-follow 2-beat, flowing sound and highly inventive arrangements that appeal to even the most particular ear. They call it "The Dancing Sound." We call it the most danceable and listenable music that ever happened. Here's their latest.

LES AND LARRY ELGART AND THEIR ORCHESTRA
CL 1052 $3.98

"LISTEN IN DEPTH" ON COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPHS

THE SOUND OF GENIUS IS ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

A Division of CBS ® "Columbia ℗ ® Marcas Reg.
Prices are suggested list.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

Editor-at-Large

When you go into a bookstore this fall, you may notice a faint and pleasing aroma of cloves. Just follow your nose and it will lead you to Norah Lofts's novel, "Scent of Cloves."

Mrs. Lofts's new book is about an English orphan girl who was sent to the Dutch East Indies as "a company wife." Like "Silver Nutmeg," which was also set in the same part of the world, "Scent of Cloves" is a good story told against the exotic background of the Eastern Islands.

In order to add a touch of verisimilitude to the book, Doubleday has impregnated its jacket with the actual scent of cloves so that you can actually smell the islands as you read about them.

This is a device which has infinite possibilities, and I will give a $10 book certificate for the most interesting suggestion as to what scent might be used on the jacket of any of the following new Doubleday books:

"A Week in the Country," a contemporary novel about two brothers who had been involved in the U. S. Communist party in the 1930's and who return to their English farm home, by Ernest Gébler, author of "Plymouth Adventure."

"The Doubtful Guest," a tale for adults in pictures and verse by Edward Gorey.

"Dreamers of the American Dream," by Stewart H. Holbrook, the latest addition to the Mainstream of America series.

"Our Philadelphia," by that city's favorite columnist, Frank Brookhouser, or "San Francisco Bay," an informal portrait by Harold Gilliam.

Visit your bookseller and examine any of these books, or pick your own title from the many Doubleday books displayed in all good bookstores. Then send me a letter or card with your suggestion some time before Thanksgiving Day.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Send your entries to "Scent", Room 1718, Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. To be eligible all mail must be received before November 28. All books mentioned here may be seen at your own bookseller or at any of the 31 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore, Maryland. Remember it is not too early to start your Christmas book buying now when the stores are relatively uncrowded and stocks are complete.

The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 9, 1957

SR/IDEAS

10 Outdoor Advertising: A Debate, by Richard L. Neuberger and Harley B. Markham
13 Dichos, by John Steinbeck
24 The Maidens at Home: An Editorial, by Ida Day
36 Stravinsky on Schoenberg, "Genius," Verdi, etc.

SR/BOOKS

14 On Poetry and Poets, by T. S. Eliot
Reviewed by Selden Rodman
15 In Defense of the Earth, by Kenneth Rexroth
Reviewed by Muriel Rukeyser
16 The Makioka Sisters, by Junichirō Tanizaki
Reviewed by Donald Keene
16 House of Lies, by Françoise Mallet-Joris
Reviewed by Otis Fellows
17 The City of Libertines, by W. G. Hardy
Reviewed by Moses Hadas
18 Corner Boy, by Herbert Simmons
Reviewed by Saunders Redding
18 The Devil's Cross, by Walter O'Meara
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman
20 The Reformation, by Will Durant
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly
21 German Rule in Russia: 1941-1945, by Alexander Dallin
Reviewed by George Fischer
22 Deadline Every Minute, by Joe Alex Morris
Reviewed by Frank Luther Mott
23 The Treasured One: The Story of Rudivoravan, Princess of Siam, as told by her to Ruth Adams Knight
Reviewed by Margaret Parton
41 Index to the Story of My Days, by Edward Gordon Craig
Reviewed by William W. Appleton

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds
19 Literary I.Q.
26 Letters to the Editor
27 Broadway Postscript
28 *SR* Goes to the Movies
30 Booked for Travel
32 The Fine Arts
35 Music to My Ears
45 Literary Crypt
47 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1233

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher. Executive Vice President and Treasurer: Norman Cousins. Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol. XL, No 45, Nov. 9, 1957. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."
© 1957 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

"One of the most extraordinary experiences to befall an American woman" —FRANK GIBNEY, N. Y. Herald Tribune Book

Bridge to the Sun

by GWEN TERASAKI

Her story of what it was like, as an American wife of a high Japanese official, before and during World War II.

"A rare and intimate view of the Japanese in this fascinating and beautifully written book."
—Washington Post

"More thrilling than fiction . . . a terrific human document."
—Chicago Tribune

$3.50 at all bookstores

3rd Large Printing

Chapel Hill — The University of North Carolina Press

The novel about a young man's fear of sexual impotence.

THE SAVAGE PLACE

by LEON ARDEN

328 pages, $3.95

Now at your bookstore.

Crown Publishers

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

TRADE Winds

IN THE AMERICAN movie "Twelve Angry Men" an advertising-agency man who is serving on the jury links any suggestion he has to make to little Madison Avenue gimmicks like "Let's run it up the flagpole and see if anybody salutes," or "Let's get down on all fours and see it from the client's point of view," or "Let's run it around the block and see if the wheels fall off."

The film "Twelve Angry Men" has just arrived in London. *The New Statesmen,* one of the more intellectual British magazines, was prompted to sponsor a contest offering prizes to the three best Madison Avenue "ad-icisms." Bad show. In spite of entries from Englishmen all over, including Israel, Germany, Ireland, and South Africa, no one won a prize. When you note some of the attempts, you'll see why:

"Let's put it up for the Athenaeum and see if it gets black-balled."

"Let's get outside it and see if it gets angry."

"Let's zip it up and see if you can still breathe."

"Let's put a velvet collar on it and see if the Teddy Boys'll wear it."

"Let's put it in the sandwiches and see if they'll notice the difference."

Let's hope the sun has finally set on British contests where they try to outdo us in making fun of ourselves.

However, someone should have sent them one adman's favorite test: "Let's put it on the train and see if it gets off at Westport."

The Ubiquitous Chutes

By Blanche Jennings Thompson

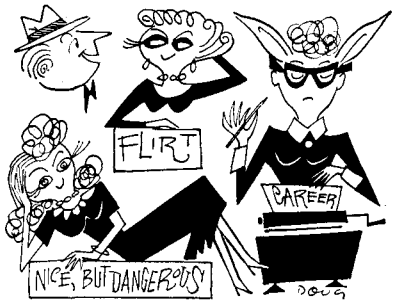
In Publishers' Row there's a question moot:
What magic lies in the name of Chute?
Now it's Marchette and now B. J.;
They pop up somewhere every day.
Marchette puts books in the factory lobbies,
Thereby engendering reading hobbies.
B.J.'s "Greenwillow" clobbers the critics;
Comes "The Blue Cup" and they go into fitics.
"Around and About" Marchette comes hopping;
All the juvenile laurels she'll be copping.
B.J. turns up on the radio,
And her fans listen with a happy glow.
Then with all the Chute books
Piled up in stax,
Here's Marchette and Shakespeare
In the paperbax.
It must be clear to the least astute—
In '57 the name is Chute.

TWO HOLLYWOOD BACHELORS—Pat Nerney, who owns an automobile agency, and Paul Clemens, an artist—toured Europe together a few years ago and came back with glowing tales about the girls, and about interesting experiences with them. Back in this country they found that the Continental lore they had acquired was invaluable.

"We got out in the world and found there are millions of women," Nerney says today, his face beaming.

"You are experts," some West Coast enthusiast told them. "Why don't you write all this down for the guidance of others."

They did, and the result is a delightful tongue-in-cheek affair called "The Little Black Book," which is billed as telling what every bachelor should know in order to lead an interesting life and preserve a single status, but which is also a rather subtle needle female readers will find



most painful and enjoyable. For example: "The Flirt: any girl who is reasonably courteous to another man in your presence. The Nymphomaniac: can best be described as someone who likes something at least as well as you do. The Career Girl: is a problem to you and herself. She is the donkey between two stacks of hay. The Intellectual Girl: ignore her diploma and treat her like a sweater girl or she may become your Phi Bete Noir. The Nice Girl: the most dangerous of all types. No man is secure from her. To be her victim means either pain or matrimony. All the wiles advanced in this book will not help you against this one."

"The Telephone: establish the fact (true or not) that you have a party line. This will account for busy signals on your line when you are play-

Clifton Fadiman's

"thinking game" book

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

is all of these:

"... **an intensely civilized book** which no civilized reader should miss."—*Chicago Tribune*

"... **a thoroughly satisfying book,** touching life and letters with grace, wit, and insight."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"... **a very inviting book,** full of ideas ... clever and cogent."
—*Los Angeles Times*

"... **a shrewd and entertaining book."**—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

At all bookstores $5.00 • **WORLD**

Who wrote Shakespeare's plays?

Two of America's leading cryptologists use their uncanny abilities to de-code the "hidden" messages in Shakespeare. "*Sprinkled with anecdotes ... spiced with wit ... crushing as an avalanche.*"—N. Y. TIMES $5.00

THE SHAKESPEAREAN CIPHERS EXAMINED

by William F. and Elizebeth S. Friedman

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
32 EAST 57TH ST. NEW YORK 22

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which one speaks 7 languages?

Fellow in the pith helmet? A big game hunter. Knows his stuff but speaks only his native English.

Myna bird? A great disappointment; just screeches.

Smartly attired gal? An interpreter. Excellent, of course, but only in the 4 languages of her choice.

And the movie projector? A real gem, complete with magnetic-optical features. Handles any number of languages that you may want.

How? Start with 16mm film, sound or silent. Have a processing lab add a magnetic stripe. (Costs about 2½¢ per foot, and well worth it!)

Then, using the sound-recording device *built into* the projector, put your narration right *onto* the film.

Erase at will; make changes; add special sound effects as desired. Re-do narration to fit changing audience needs. (It takes only a little more time than the running time for the film.) Use and reuse the stripe as often as you wish.

What else? Effective showings for *every* 16mm film, sound or silent. You have sparkling pictures, filled with attention-keeping detail. Sound is excellent. And this projector is always ready for use, because it's *lubricated for life* at the factory.

This versatile communications tool is called the Kodascope Pageant Magnetic-Optical 16mm Sound Projector. Businessmen use it for public relations, sales promotion, training, research reports, stockholder presentations, and the like. Those with school and church responsibilities find it equally valuable.

Demonstration? At your convenience by a Kodak Audio-Visual Dealer. Or send for the informative brochure, V3-44. No obligation, either way.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak
TRADE-MARK

ing possum. . . . The Automobile: A Rolls Royce is exceeded in most girls' estimation only by a Brink's truck. The younger girls are easily dazzled by a flashy convertible with extras. . . . The Line: Never introduce subjects which may be of interest in themselves unless you are merely passing time in a public place."

I RECENTLY WENT to meet one of the cynics who wrote this and other things in the little black book: Pat Nerney. It turns out that he has been married for several years. He met The Nice Girl—Jane Powell, a singing motion-picture star. Mr. Clemens fell into a similar trap, having married Eleanor Parker, also a movie star. It happens that the girls are slightly fed up with hearing about the book, and hope that with the publication of it the two authors will get off the "bachelor" kick. There also appears to be some feeling about Chapter XII, called "Off the Hook." Nerney was explaining it to me.

"A woman," he said, "can just say 'So long,' but a man can't."

"That's where I disagree," broke in Jane Powell Nerney. "I don't think a woman can get off that easily. She can't just say 'Get lost'!"

"A man has sex on his mind and a woman has it on her hands," cryptically muttered Mr. Nerney. "Why don't you and Eleanor write a sequel?"

"I've thought of it!" Her beautiful blue eyes were flashing. "I certainly think a lot depends on a woman's conscience. I'm only basing this on what happened in the past."

"But, honey," protested Mr. Nerney, "the book isn't directed at you."

"I know, but that's one point on which I disagree with the book!"

I exited, leaving the Nice Girl and the Bachelor hashing out the details of the Sequel.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Ralph Bloomfield says he received a letter from his insurance agent, replying to some questions about an accident policy, and it signed off this way: ". . . Hoping you have a good fall, your friend, Hank Silver."

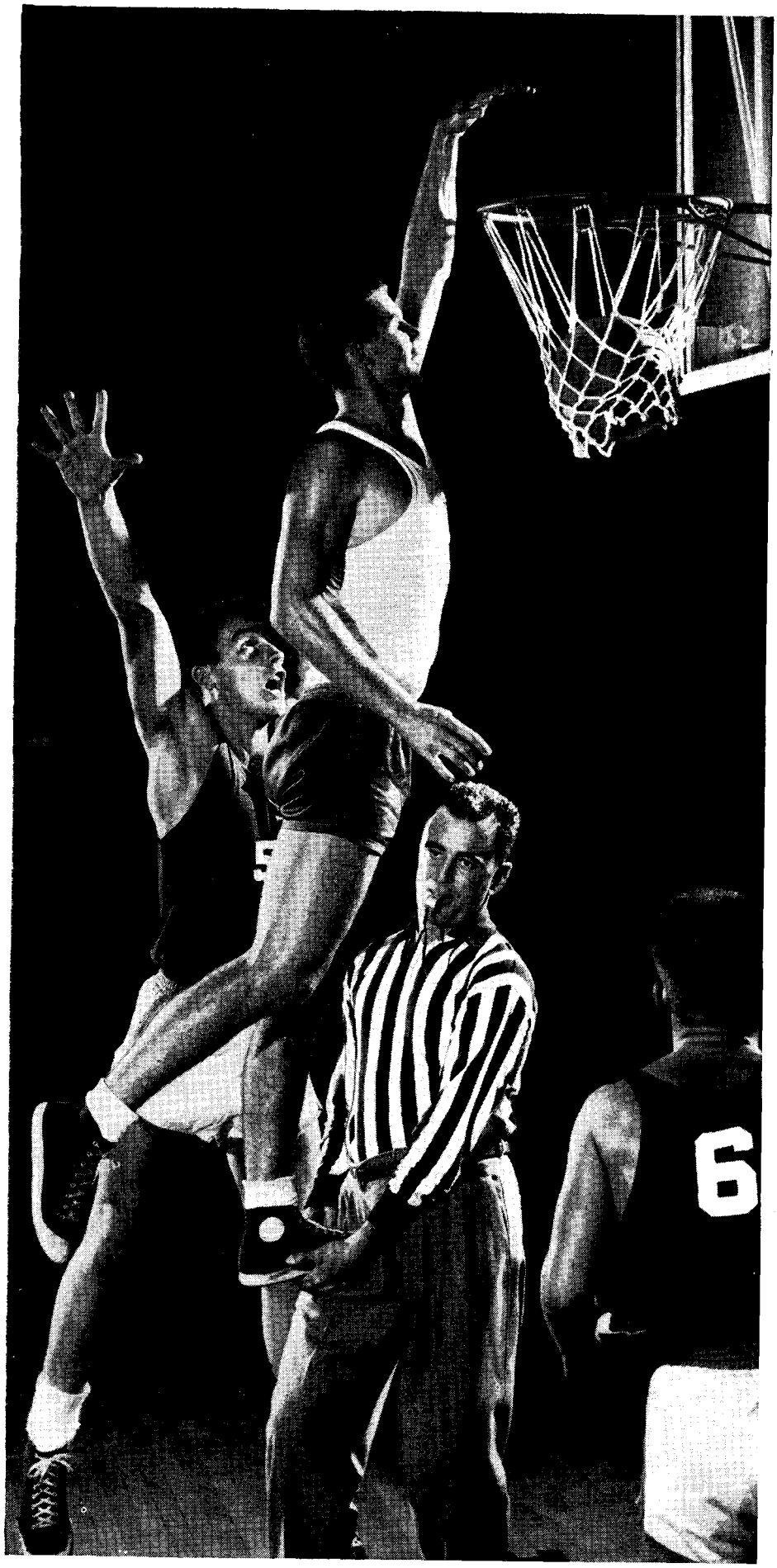
Words that people don't know the meaning of and which they are always using wrongly, No. 7: *Bemused.*

On Staten Island, a short boat ride from the mainland of New York City, is where Paul Downing carries on a thriving business. His card reads:

Paul H. Downing
Consultant
Horse-Drawn Vehicles
And Their Appointments

One of *Esquire* magazine's cocktail

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Would you call this fair play?

Referee gives "Visitors" a boost —"Home" team has to score on its own. What kind of a game would *that* be?

Ridiculous—yet you and most people face that same kind of unfairness all the time with some of your taxes. These are the taxes you pay in your electric bills.

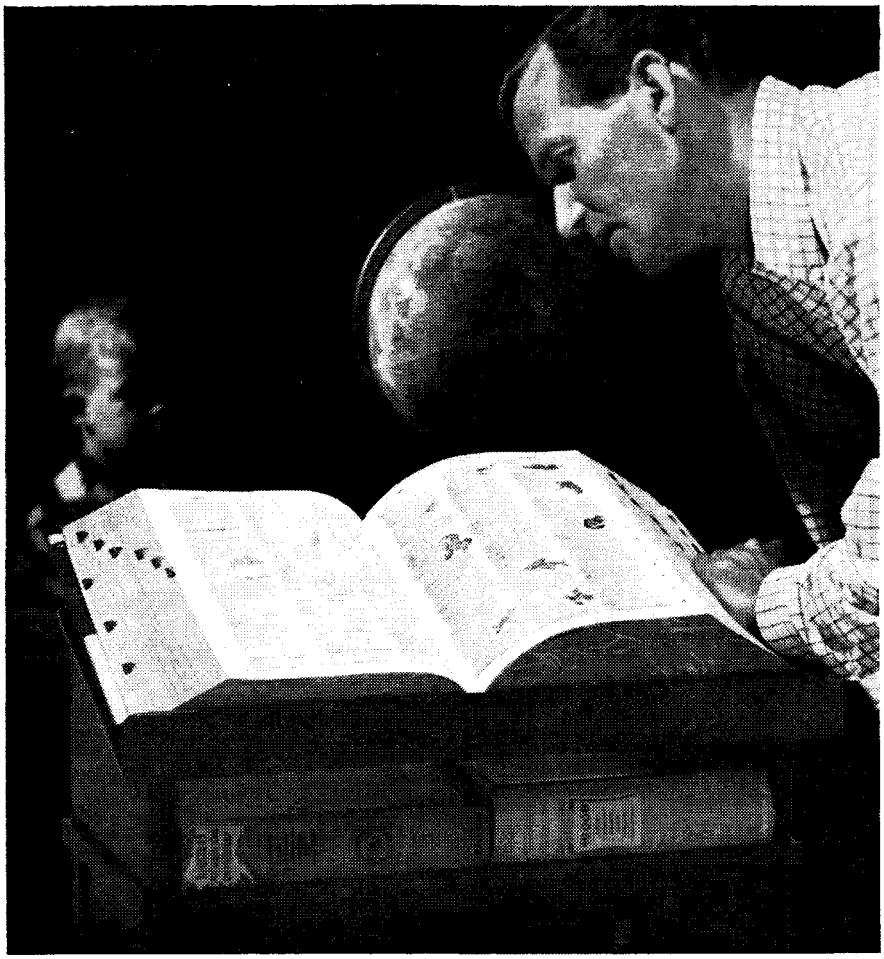
About 23 cents out of every dollar you pay for electricity goes for taxes. But a strange twist in federal law exempts several million American families and businesses from paying all the taxes in their electric bills that you pay in yours. These are people whose electricity comes from federal government electric systems. You have to help make up the taxes these people don't pay.

Most Americans feel that everyone should pay his fair share of taxes. Don't *you* agree that this special tax favoritism should be made more widely known and given critical study?

*Company names on request through this magazine

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE WORLD'S GREATEST INFORMATION CENTER

in your own home...for only $39.50†

In school work or business or current events, every member of your family has questions that may go unanswered if finding the answer takes too much time or is inconvenient.

That is why thousands of families like yours value Webster's New International Dictionary as the great question answerer, an "information center" so informative and intriguing that someone in the family will turn to it nearly every day. In this single volume, costing only $39.50, there is accurate information on literally every subject known to man. It is equivalent in printed material to an 18-volume encyclopedia—yet it is always open and inviting use, rather than buried in a bookcase.

As your family develops the "look it up" habit, their daily questions will be answered with complete accuracy, for the New International is relied on for information by our schools and libraries and is recognized as "the Supreme Authority" of the English-speaking world.

Spend a few minutes examining this famous Merriam-Webster at your department, book, or stationery store. We are sure that its 3,350 pages (and more than 600,000 entries!) will convince you that here is a wonderful investment for your family and yourself. G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.

WARNING: Webster's New International Dictionary is never available as a premium in any "free" offers. Don't be misled by "big" dictionaries you may assume to be unabridged.

Insist on a genuine Merriam-Webster. Look for the trademark.

A Merriam-Webster
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
SECOND EDITION

recipes includes this instruction: "Shake briskly so that ice cubes bruise the mint . . ." How do you keep the mint from bruising the ice cubes?

Jeanette Wakin reports that an excited traveler-friend of hers returned from a world cruise and gushed, "Oh, you must see the naked beauty of the Aga Khan by moonlight!"

Orval Faubus was not the only musical cognomen to appear as a result of the Little Rock crisis. All the members of the draft board of a nearby town resigned in protest over the use of Federal troops in the Arkansas capital; one of them was named Farrice Vagwall.

A new book is coming out called "The Bridge at Remagen." So far, then, we have Remagen, Toko-Ri, the River Kwai, Andau, San Luis Rey, and Goren. Didn't anything ever happen to a tunnel?

The TRADE WINDS trophy goes to the ad agencies responsible for the two advertisements that came out right after the Milwaukee Braves won the Series. In New York, Rheingold took a full page showing a couple of Braves hugging Lew Burdette as he won the final game. "But they can't beat our beer!" shouted the New York brewers. In Milwaukee, a shoe-polish manufacturer took space in the *Journal*, showing a polish-smudged baseball and a can of the product. Referring to Milwaukee's Nippy Jones reaching first base on a key play when his foot was hit by a pitched ball, they crowed, "As usual, Esquire Boot Polish is on the ball!"

Two Russian scholars, candidates for master's degrees in philology, wrote a thesis on American libraries. Among other revelations was that libraries in the United States are "largely located in the aristocratic sections of American cities where plain workers wearing sweaters and coarse shoes do not like to visit."

What threw these two geniuses off the track was this: there is something about the way an American worker wears her sweater and coarse shoes that keeps her from looking plain.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1232)

HENRY DAVID THOREAU:
WALDEN

I once had a sparrow alight upon my shoulder for a moment while I was hoeing in a village garden, and I felt that I was more distinguished by that circumstance than I should have been by any epaulet I could have worn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(The American Traditions Series is sponsored by the Popular Education Project of The Fund for the Republic, Inc.)

Man and Best Friend Breaking Law

Perhaps George Welkoff's most serious crime—though it was not the one for which he was convicted—was just being different. His speech, for instance. Broken English, with one of those off-beat, Middle-European accents that sometimes mark a man for ridicule. And the sadness that was about him always, as if he carried within him the miseries of eternity.

To the casual—or the ungenerous—observer, Welkoff's way of life must have appeared grubby, even sordid; no family, no friends, completely lacking the drive and motif we think of as the "American way." But then, George Welkoff was not an American. And his neighbors—some of his neighbors at least—didn't like it.

There had been a family once, though the neighbors didn't know it. A son, Zifko, killed by the Communists; a wife, dead now, and a daughter, Zacharina, living still but lost to Welkoff in the dark terror of Iron-Curtain Bulgaria. There had been status, too, during the twenty years Welkoff served Bulgaria as an army officer.

How had he come to America? Not quickly, nor easily. It had taken him seven years, working his way first through Austria, then Germany. He arrived in the United States in 1950 and settled in Hellertown, Pennsylvania.

Living was hard. There were no white-collar openings for a 54-year-old ex-officer of the Bulgarian Army, and a physical handicap precluded manual labor. Living was hard, but possible. Odd jobs here and there and the proceeds from the sale of vegetables grown in his garden. Survivors of the war in Europe know how to live meagerly.

And there was one friend.

Some people—the same ones, perhaps, who would have said Welkoff wasn't much of a man—would have said it wasn't much of a dog. Just a stray. Maybe there was a look of eternal misery about him, too. The man befriended him, took him home. He became Welkoff's dog. And the neighbors—some of the neighbors at least—didn't like it.

On the evening of July 31, 1956, George Welkoff was arrested by officers of the Hellertown Police Department. The charge: Violation of a Pennsylvania statute prohibiting aliens from owning dogs. Welkoff's dog was taken to the pound, earmarked for destruction. Nobody had ever enforced the law, of course. It was one of those steeped-in-time fiats that are so silly they aren't worth the legislative bother of wiping them off the books. So George Welkoff was arrested and the neighbors—some of the neighbors at least—were very pleased.

There is no way of determining whether the Justice of Peace who heard the case thought the law was silly. But he found Welkoff guilty and he fined him. Fine and costs came to $35.80 and Welkoff didn't have it. So George Welkoff, this 60-year-old displaced person who had broken the laws of the Sovereign State of Pennsylvania, was sentenced to 32 days in County Prison.

James McCombe, a Bethlehem, Pa., newspaperman, reported the story the day after Welkoff was jailed. Now the whole community knew the troubles of the old man and his dog. It made a good many people uncomfortable. But it made one man mad. He was Vincent Leun, a Bethlehem Steel executive. Nothing about the story fitted into Leun's concept of American justice. He did something about it.

Vincent Leun paid Welkoff's fine and had him released from prison (he had already served two days). He claimed Welkoff's dog from the pound and took it into his home until Welkoff could legally acquire it. He received a few anonymous threatening letters, but they were far outnumbered by signed letters from people who supported his action.

Mr. Leun did another thing. Letters he wrote to the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature resulted in repeal of the law which sent George Welkoff to jail.

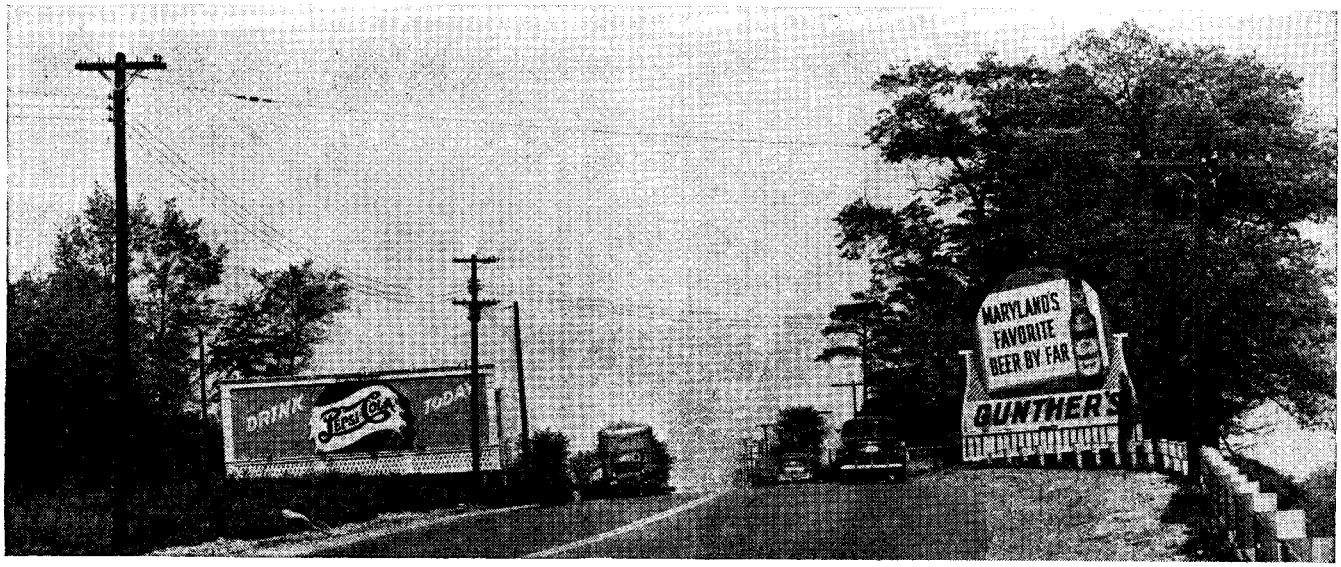
Now, George Welkoff is a man who is endowed with inalienable prerogatives of freedom of speech, trial by jury, the habeas corpus, and the right to own dogs.

The story of how Vincent Leun helped right an injustice typifies the love of freedom and justice which lies at the heart of America. Such everyday examples provide reassurance that the common principles held by Jefferson, Madison and Lincoln are still very much alive in twentieth-century America.

The American Traditions Project of the Fund for the Republic has compiled hundreds of true stories of contemporary Americans whose actions have advanced freedom and justice. Some of these stories have been published in an illustrated booklet, "The American Tradition in 1957." Free copies are available. Write to the American Traditions Project, Box 48462-AS, Los Angeles 48, California.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UMI/ProQuest
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 9, 1957



—*U.S. 1, between Washington and Baltimore.*

OUTDOOR ADVERTISING: *A Debate*

1. What Is America For?

By SENATOR RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

WHEN I was a schoolboy in my native state of Oregon, my favorite song was "America the Beautiful." At the age of forty-four it was my unhappy lot, however, to sit at a green-felt conference table while my colleagues of the Senate Public Works Committee voted down my bill to provide Federal assistance in the control of signboards along the 41,000 miles of our new Interstate Highway system. "America the Beautiful" did not fare very well that afternoon in the Senate Office Building. A well-organized billboard lobby had licked it. The vote in committee was seven to six.

The greatest advertising bonanza in history has thus come to the men who dominate the signboard industry. The publishers of a newspaper or magazine, as well as the operators of TV and radio stations, must risk heavy investments to give their media some value to advertisers. They must buy tons of costly paper, purchase or lease huge printing presses, erect elaborate studios and transmitting equipment, hire editors and photographers and entertainers, and finally often distribute their product from door to door or through the mails. No such burden falls on what is euphemistically known as the "outdoor advertising industry." It will have its media ready-made, after the American motoring public spends $33 billion to construct a vast network of roads linking every major metropolitan area in the land.

Furthermore, the signboard proprietors hold enslaved a captive audience. Readers can avoid the advertisements in this issue of *The Saturday Review*. I need not read the displays in the *Washington Post* or *Pendleton East-Oregonian*. But the motorist must look at the signboards along U.S. 30 or else prepare to meet his Maker. Indeed, among the relatively modest expenses of the billboard industry lurks the pay of skilled road engineers, who craftily locate the sprawling twenty-four sheets where the driver's eye cannot possibly shun these signs as he wheels his sedan around a curve or over the crest of a hill. They are purposely situated to be within his normal sweep of vision.

The threadbare case for outdoor advertising is exposed by the flimsy arguments advanced in support of allowing our roadsides to be defaced for private profit. In testimony before the Senate Public Works Committee these arguments fitted into three principal categories:

1. State's rights.
2. Highway safety
3. Free enterprise

My wife and I know how hollow and hypocritical is the trite shibboleth of "state's rights" with respect to this particular issue. As members of the Oregon State Legislature, we tried to secure anti-billboard legislation at the state level. There we were told that such matters were more properly the concern of cities, counties, and local zoning authorities. We also were advised, of course, that keeping highways free of billboards by law would be a first step in "Sovietizing" America. Although the signboard operators raised the cry of "state's rights" to defeat my bill in the U.S. Senate, there is no record of the industry ever having supported effective regulation or control in any of the forty-eight states.

Then, in its presentation before our committee, the outdoor advertising

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

colossus claimed that its gaudy picket-fence of signs would keep motorists from falling asleep at the wheel. The insult implicit in this claim is that the senses of the average American have been so deadened by raucous sales messages that he needs the stimulus of whiskey, gasoline, and soft-drink ads in order to break the monotony of rivers, fields, and groves of evergreen or alder trees! Two main roads connect the teeming Washington and Baltimore citadels of population—U.S. 1 and the Washington-Baltimore Freeway. U.S. 1 is a verdant billboard jungle. Signs sprout along it like undergrowth in the Matto Grosso. The Freeway has been protected—thus far—from mutilation. It is my understanding that the Freeway, in addition to affording an infinitely more pleasant pilgrimage between the two cities, actually is safer than its sign-plastered sister route. Certainly, no statistics uphold the thesis of the companies that the billboards flanking U.S. 1 are a safe contrast to the dangerous monotony of the Freeway.

The free-enterprise argument of the signboard companies implies that they have an inherent right under our Constitution to plaster with signs any road built with public funds. If this is an inalienable American privilege, why should not other advertisers set up their material at the Government Printing Office or hang posters from Federal courthouses? And what of the right of Conrad Hilton to install a guest wing at the Pentagon Building?

One of the most effective claims of the outdoor advertisers was that rigid control of signs would work a grim hardship on small business along the roads—motels, hotels, garages, restaurants. Ex-Senator Scott Lucas, one of the leading spokesmen for the advertisers, even referred ominously to an adverse impact on the entire U.S. economy because of the $25 billion spent by families touring our highways. This, of course, implies that people traveling a sign-free road will not buy fuel for their cars, food for their stomachs, or seek shelter at night! I have always thought the warning voiced by Mr. Lucas was exactly contrary to facts. For example, there are three places in the world where tourist expenditures comprise a major source of income—Switzerland, Hawaii, and Alaska. All these realms are virtually free of billboards. Indeed, such protection of the alpine and tropical countrysides actually may stimulate the flow of wayfarers' dollars, pounds, or francs.

One of our most authoritative witnesses was Bertram D. Tallamy, appointed recently by President Eisenhower to be Federal Highway Admin-

(Continued on page 44)

2. What's the Shouting About?

By HARLEY B. MARKHAM

THE current attack on "billboards" is intensely emotional in origin, and is being waged with complete disregard of facts, logic, and economics. Satirical cartoons and poems, biting editorials, clarion Senatorial orations, and other militant speeches make lively reading and listening. They have all but drowned out the voices of outdoor advertising men and advertisers as they ask: "Where are these 'billboard canyons' you say blot out your views of mountains, fields and rivers?"

The truth is that they don't exist. Actually, standardized outdoor advertising—call them "billboards" if you will—is a socially conscious, legitimate, and useful business which makes substantial contributions to the economic and social welfare of our country.

I am proud to be in the outdoor advertising business, and so are all my colleagues. For generations outdoor advertising has been a medium of proved effectiveness, an integral part of a growing America. Standardized outdoor advertising displays have a colorful heritage as part of Americana. As a popular art form they have won recognition by museums and other art authorities throughout the country. They are just as much a part of the American scene as baseball or the neighborhood drugstore—and they have just as much right to exist. Most important of all, they have helped build many great names of American industry: Coca-Cola, General Motors, Wrigley, Standard Oil, Ford, and many others.

Standardized outdoor advertising is represented by the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., which had its origin more than sixty-five years ago. There are 776 member companies in the Association, doing business in more than 15,000 communities. Their annual volume is about $200 million, which is more than 90 per cent of the total volume of standardized outdoor advertising. These member companies operate standardized poster panels and painted bulletins on land which they own or lease for the purpose, as distinguished from miscellaneous signs.

This distinction is important. Nine times out of ten, when our critics charge that "billboards deface the countryside," we have found that they are not talking about our standardized displays at all, but about other kinds of signs for which our industry is in no way responsible.

Like all good citizens and good neighbors, we recognize and accept our public and social responsibilities. Our policies are in the public interest. Our Association members voluntarily pledge adherence to a strict code of practices imposing high ethical standards upon our industry. For instance,

—*Irving Antler.*

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER, *who became United States Senator from Oregon in 1954, is one of the most promising and articulate of younger Democratic legislators, probably because of his long experience as author and newspaperman. Conservation, his subject here, is one of his continuing interests; among other things he has contributed a biography of Senator George Norris and a history of the Lewis and Clark expedition.*

HARLEY B. MARKHAM *started in the outdoor advertising business in 1929, with the Midwest Outdoor Advertising Company of Casper, Wyoming. Since then he has bought up several other companies, making them divisions of the Markham Advertising Company. In addition to various state and civic activities in the Western states, Mr. Markham is currently serving as board chairman of the Outdoor Advertising Assn. of America.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this code says: *"We share the public interest in natural scenic beauty, parks and historical monuments. We do not erect our advertising displays in such areas."*

That is plain enough and it means just what it says. We want to keep America beautiful, too. Here are other provisions of our self-imposed code to insure operations in the public interest: *"We believe in and support zoning based on sound community planning."*

MANY communities have adopted zoning standards and restrictions for such purposes as to distinguish between business and commercial areas and those which are residential in character. We agree that reasonable restrictions affecting business and commercial practices are desirable in any well-planned community. We, therefore, pledge full support of sound zoning, and are willing to be treated under zoning just like any other business. *"We place outdoor advertising displays only upon property we own or lease for that purpose."*

Critics who would legislate us out of business either don't know or ignore the issue of proper and lawful land use—the fact that private property rights are involved because our displays are always located on private land owned or leased by us—never on highway rights of way. And these same critics who scream that "billboards" are despoiling scenic beauty also conveniently ignore the fact that more than 85 per cent of all standardized outdoor displays are in strictly urban areas zoned for business.

"We locate our structures with discretion and good taste with respect to frequency and concentration."

Again playing fast and loose with the facts, some critics would have the public believe that "billboards" are placed indiscriminately along virtually every inch of highway, thus creating so-called "billboard canyons" or "ribbon slums." Nothing could be further from the truth. As businessmen we are deeply interested in the orderly growth of the communities where we operate. We recognize the need for discretion and good taste in developing business and industrial areas. Accordingly, we locate outdoor displays in a manner which will promote the business interests of the community, and at the same time preserve attractive features.

The term "ribbon slums" has been used to describe heavy concentrations of business and the signs of varied size and shape advertising them. They are for the most part "on premise" signs advertising goods and services available on the premises. They may not be pleasing to some people, but from another viewpoint they represent one way of doing business in a highly competitive area. Thus, "ribbon slums" exist because the people in the area permit them. If a remedy is needed or desired, it lies in proper zoning at the local level.

"We only display outdoor advertising which is truthful in every respect, and in accordance with high moral standards."

Our medium has been praised by objective authorities as the "cleanest" of all advertising media with respect to accuracy, truthfulness, and good taste. We intend to keep it that way.

"We actively and continuously support worthy public causes through our contributions of outdoor advertising displays."

For generations the standardized outdoor advertising industry has *every month* contributed a substantial portion of its facilities as a public service in support of worthy causes for the good of the community, state and nation. These contributions average about $1.7 million worth of outdoor advertising space annually. Typical of the many causes supported by our Association members are Community Chests, Red Cross, Cancer Society, Religion in American Life, March of Dimes, Mental Health, Traffic Safety, and many others.

We are proud of our record. It is shocking to have mis-informed or malicious critics slander us with the charge that outdoor advertising displays create a traffic safety hazard and are a factor in causing accidents. But we are glad to note, however, that even some of the most reckless and irresponsible of critics are dropping that line, because when challenged they have been unable to muster a single fact to support the charge, not from insurance companies, traffic authorities, or anybody else. On the contrary, a scientific test conducted at Iowa State College said in part: "Numerous signs in the driver's field of vision in no way influenced efficiency at the wheel adversely, and in fact seemed beneficial by about 10 per cent."

Much of the argument against outdoor advertising is on esthetic grounds: "Outdoor advertising is ugly, a highway blight, marring beautiful scenery." We admit that it's not easy to win an argument solely on esthetics. That's because art and esthetics are subjective; opinions, not facts, and not always informed opinions at that. It's all a matter of personal viewpoint and taste. The picture that hangs proudly in the Louvre as a great work of art is just a blob of paint to some people.

As for our poster panels and painted bulletins—well, we try to make them as attractive as we can. They are simple and functional. A few years ago we retained Raymond Loewy, the noted industrial designer, to develop a new standard panel. More than half of the panels being rebuilt each year are now Loewy designed.

Prize-winning artists such as Howard Scott, Raymond Savinac, and Norman Rockwell illustrate our advertising copy. Their work is judged annually in national competition by leading art authorities. Outdoor advertising art has been praised for its simplicity of design, directness and symbolism.

THESE are some of the facts about our business, as distinguished from fancy. We don't pretend to be perfect. Like any other business, we have our problems and we make mistakes. But on the whole we think we have a pretty good record. We ask for no special treatment. All we ask is the same fair treatment accorded any other legitimate business. We regard our outdoor advertising structures as business installations, just as much so as the garage or store.

The charge has been made that a so-called "billboard lobby," working against the public interest, was responsible for the defeat of proposed federal legislation which would have discriminated against outdoor advertising. That charge is ridiculous. As citizens and businessmen we did present the honest facts of our case, a right granted to every American citizen. Even Senator Neuberger, sponsor of the bill against our medium, recognized at the Senate Subcommittee hearings that our industry representatives had every right to protect their business.

With respect to all the punitive legislation proposed against us, we'd like to make one point clear. We have no intention or desire of exploiting the Interstate Highway System in rural areas. In keeping with the policies set forth in our code, the only place we want to be, or have any right to be, is in business or industrial areas or where business is appropriate. We are a business. We create business. We belong with business.

Americans are a fair-minded people. We have every confidence that when they have the facts—all the facts—they will join us in demanding: What's all the shouting about?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DICHOS: *The Way of Wisdom*

By JOHN STEINBECK

ONE of the most charming games in Spain and in many Spanish-speaking countries is the conversation or contest by *dichos*. The *dicho*, roughly translated, is a "saying," but in Spanish it is much more than that. It is the reduction of a situation, an idea, a question, or a philosophy to one short pithy sentence. The *dicho* is comment, usually satiric, and always true. For hundreds of years the Spanish have been the unrivalled masters of the *dicho*. Many of our most cherished "sayings," which we think of as our own, are really translations of older Spanish *dichos*.

To make *dichos* is one thing—a fiercely disciplined creative form—but the use of them is quite another thing. It becomes a social game, allowing one to speak freely and yet not to stick one's neck out. As in any other social or military warfare, every weapon has a counter-weapon. Thus, for every *dicho* there is one which cancels it.

As a courting technique, the *dicho* contest cannot be bettered. *Dichos* allow young and perhaps self-conscious people to say very bold things, and since the *dichos* are traditional, they are always in good taste—even when they are not. A well-supplied couple can talk all evening using nothing but *dichos*. If they are fencing, which is one whole plan of love-making, then each *dicho* draws one which cancels or defeats it. But as agreement approaches, the first *dicho* draws from the other contestant another, which adds to, improves, or illuminates it. There are literally thousands of *dichos* in currency, some of them very ancient. A socially well-equipped person has at his or her command a short, concise saying to take care of any imaginable situation.

When I was working on the picture script of "Zapata," I wanted to write a whole courtship scene between the Mexican revolutionary general and the well-born and sheltered girl who became his wife, and I wished the dialogue to consist solely of *dichos*. In preparation, I collected hundreds of these sayings, well enough known so that they would be instantly recognized by a Spanish-speaking audience. Solely with *dichos*, I hoped not only to show the developing courtship but also to indicate the characters of the two people. Such courtships were and are, in many cases, carried on under the eyes and ears of members of the girls' families, who not only maintain the proprieties, but act as scorekeepers and critics of proper usage. The dialogue of the scene follows. There is only one line of it which is not a traditional *dicho*.

Zapata, in full uniform including bandoleers and saber, sits stiffly in a straight chair. Next to him sits an aunt, and next to her Josepha, whom he is courting. Her father and mother sit across the room watching and listening.

Josepha: Do you believe, my general, that a warrior's shield is his sweetheart's heart?

Zapata: Epaulets do not make a hero.

Josepha: But a man well-dressed is a man well thought of.

Zapata: A monkey in silk is still a monkey. (*Changes direction.*) When love and beauty come in the house, throw out the lamps.

Josepha: Do you believe in the saying: "An egg unbroke, a horse unrode, a girl unwed?"

Zapata: Man is fire and woman fuel. She who is born beautiful, is born married. (*Then he breaks.*) Let's go for a walk. It would be cooler. (*The family and Josepha stiffen at his breach of formula, and after a moment Zapata retreats.*) A whipped dog is a wiser dog. (*The family is reassured.*)

Josepha: Do you think three women and a goose make a market?

Zapata: (*declaratively*) I believe that love cannot be bought except with love, and he who has a good wife wears heaven in his hat.

(*This tears it. He has committed himself. It is over.*)

The Aunt: After love—nourishment—some chocolate?

Zapata: It is said that the pediment of the heart is the stomach.

I think this indicates how the game is played.

Recently in my files I came upon my large collection of *dichos*, and it may be of interest to set a few of them down. Some of them we will recognize as our own, but they are not. We have stolen them. For that matter, perhaps the Spaniards first stole them from the Romans, who inherited them from older cultures.

The vitality of the *dicho*, however, lies in its seeming to spring right out of the earth and out of the situation. The perfect *dicho*, applied to a given situation, sums up and finishes the subject until it is parried or destroyed by another.

THERE follows a sampling from my collection—a small sampling. A good *dicho* man in Spain or Mexico will know many hundreds more.

- A thistle is a salad in a burro's mouth.
- A little pot gets hot quick.
- Beans grow fast after thunderstorms.
- The offender never pardons.
- The smoke of a man's own house is better than the fire of another's.
- Many can shuffle cards who can't play.
- He who licks his own dish can give little to his servants.
- When many strike an anvil, they must strike in turn.
- In a thousand kilos of law, there's not one grain of love.
- A bean while free is better than a feast in prison.
- Little dogs start the rabbit, but big dogs catch it.
- He gives twice who gives quickly.
- What is bought is cheaper than a gift.
- If you wish good advice consult an old man.
- Truth finds enemies but makes none.
- A monkey dressed in silk is still a monkey.
- Better a burro that carries me than a horse that throws me.
- When all men call you a burro, it is time to bray.
- Be not a baker if your head is butter.
- Bananas are gold in the morning, silver at noon, lead at night.
- He who has love in his heart has spurs in his sides.
- Love and a sneeze can't be hidden.
- Commend marriage, but keep yourself a bachelor.
- Marry your daughters quickly lest they marry themselves.
- There is more to marriage than four legs on a bed.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Moral Value of Verse

***"On Poetry and Poets," by T. S. Eliot** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 308 pp. $4.50), offers a collection of essays in which one of the foremost poets of our generation examines some basic aspects of his own art.*

By Selden Rodman

THERE is a characteristic of Eliot the Essayist that I have always found peculiarly repugnant. As far back as 1928, when I was a freshman in college and as unindulgent as a freshman can be, I wrote "Phooey!" in the margin next to the following sentence from an introduction to Pound's "Selected Poems": "I only pretend to know as much about versifying as my carpenter knows about woodwork, or my painter knows about distemper."

In his present collection of essays T. S. Eliot does not commit a pretension of anything like that degree of solemnity, but he does cling to a mannerism or two that I feel I must mention before discussing his splendid accomplishments. He feels compelled to remark on several occasions that he cannot reread his own prose writings without "acute embarrassment," and that he has *not* reread them. Unfortunately, on another page Eliot confesses that "reviewing my critical output for the last thirty-odd years, I am surprised to find . . ."

Embarrassed or not, Mr. Eliot did review his thirty-odd years' output of critical writings and being one of those rare poets who has never been content to fall back upon his early successes, he found them wanting. He did not change his stance, cease to be critical, or look for less than perfection, but he did, with that wisdom of age for which he praises Goethe and Samuel Johnson in two moving essays, come to see that his narrowly youthful taste had been determined by the desire to counteract the vague impressionism of the preceding age. He also saw that the tide of modernism had run so far as to produce an academy of its own—along with a critical apparatus known as the New Criticism, which embarrassingly quotes the notes to "The Waste Land" —"that remarkable exposition of bogus scholarship," he now calls them —as Scripture. He calls this "the lemon-squeezer school of criticism" on one occasion, but mostly he is kind, contenting himself with observing that he is less interested in whether Lucy was Wordsworth's French girl friend or his sister Dorothy than in "the radiance shed by the poems themselves."

Can you imagine the early Eliot saying, "I have never been able to retain the names for feet and meters, or to pay the proper respect to the accepted rules of scansion"! Or admitting, as he now does, that Milton's peculiar greatness as a poet resides

Eliot—"enlarged considerably his vision."

in the fact that his verse is at the farthest possible remove from prose? Or appreciating that unique quality in Kipling which sees the poem entirely and solely as an *instrument*? Or reproving Byron's critics for looking for pure poetry in line or stanza when the genius of Byron resides precisely in bulk, narrative sweep, and human inconsistency?

Which is not to say, I repeat, that Eliot has in any fundamental way shifted his position, but rather that he has enlarged considerably his field of vision. He still holds, for instance, to the theory that the poet, at least the modern poet, must address himself to an avant-garde or élite, from whom his refinements of sensitivity and technique will eventually seep down to the masses. The poet, in this view, is a kind of priest. The language is in his keeping and if he ceases to function, not only will language itself deteriorate, but culture, too. In such an event, "people everywhere would cease to be able to express, and consequently be able to feel, the emotions of civilized beings." This is an exalted mission for the poet, but I gravely suspect that when adhered to self-consciously it tends rather to set the poet apart from the life (*and* the idiom of his time) than to draw him into a healthy give-and-take relationship with it.

WHAT interests me most, however, in these fruits of Eliot's maturity as a critic, is his new emphasis on *content*—"edification" Johnson used to call it. Having written a great deal on the virtual divorce between content and form in modern painting and on the ensuing formalism and tendency toward abstract decoration in that art, I am encouraged to hear Mr. Eliot say that "the modern inclination is to put up with some degree of incoherence of sense . . . so long as the verse sounds well and presents striking and melodious imagery." I couldn't help wondering whether in this passage, where he speaks of "melodious raving," he could possibly have had the cult of Dylan Thomas in mind. "Between the two extremes of *incantation* and *meaning*," he says, "we are I think today more easily seduced by the music of the exhilaratingly meaningless . . . And to exceed in one direction or the other is to risk mistaking the ephemeral for the permanent." The result of this tendency, he continues, is to ignore the moral value of poetry altogether. "We incline to ask, not 'is it true?' but 'is it original?' " And he concludes: "In an age like ours, lacking common standards, poets need to remind themselves that it is not sufficient to rely upon those gifts which are native to them, and which they exercise with ease, but that good poetry must exhibit several qualities in proportion, of which one is good sense."

These quotations are from the essay on "Johnson as Critic and Poet" but Eliot applies their philosophy with most devastating effect in the essays on Virgil and Shakespeare. Virgil remains the most universal of poets, because his concept of destiny does not relieve mankind of moral responsibility. Shakespeare is the greatest of poets because his poetry rises and falls not of itself, or for effect, but to express exactly the emotion and conscience of the individual human being.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lyrical "Rage"

"In Defense of the Earth," by Kenneth Rexroth *(New Directions. 106 pp. $3), offers a collection of verse by a widely-known poet who has also made a name for himself as the spokesman for a group of young poets and novelists in San Francisco who style themselves the "beat" generation.*

By Muriel Rukeyser

THE fineness of Kenneth Rexroth's "In Defense of Earth" depends on several virtues. They are virtues which are rare in this year but which are apparent in almost every one of the Rexroth poems: a lyric-mindedness that has been prepared by many disciplines to summon up its music; a learning that eats the gifts of the world, knowing (like the laboratory baby before the food) how many cultures must be drawn on to make human fare; and that quality which has been talked about so much in speaking of Kenneth Rexroth and of those he has known in San Francisco: rage.

The poems included in the collection are the whole background of lyrics written by Kenneth Rexroth since 1949. Here is the exquisite "Great Canzon":

> . . . She, when she goes
> Wreathed in herbs, drives every other
> Woman from my mind—shimmering
> Gold with green—so lovely that love
> Comes to rest in her shadow, she
> Who has caught me fast between
> Two hills, faster far than fused stone . . .

And here are the "web and the hidden crippled bird," landmarks of the time when Morris Graves and Rexroth first knew each other and wanted the journey to Japan; here are the moving poems for his wife, Marthe, and for the little daughter, particularly "The Great Nebula of Andromeda," "A Maze of Sparks of Gold," and "A Sword in a Cloud of Light," with its Christmas crowds on Fillmore Street, its Orion "spread out/On the sky like a true god," and ending:

> Believe in all those fugitive
> Compounds of nature, all doomed
> To waste away and go out.

There are here also the whiplash "Bestiary"; a group of epigrams and translations; and the four-part memorial for Dylan Thomas with its shattering *ubi sunt* for the poets of these years, dead of all the deaths or "stopped writing at thirty . . . How many went to work for *Time*? How many died of prefrontal/Lobotomies in the Communist Party? How many are lost in the back/Wards of provincial madhouses? How many, on the advice of their psychoanalysts, decided/A business career was best after all? How many are hopeless alcoholics?" The last part of the poem is for Dylan Thomas himself, and it carries its heaped-up accusation for murder against the specific anti-poetry, anti-religion—but you had better read this for yourself, since any description will sound like the frothing and rage with which the poem has been charged.

This would be rage, in the speaking man; and a shout and rant of frustration. But here, in the sparse, controlled poems it is something else and more: it is the sharp willingness to speak of the committed man. There is little enough control around anywhere this year, and less commitment. The sound of commitment comes through as the sound of anger. In these brief and disciplined poems of Rexroth's we have the background and tradition of "Howl" and of "On the Road." The influence and the lyric commitment are shown naked here. They reach us, in love, jeering, bringing in other poetry from China and Japan. Read:

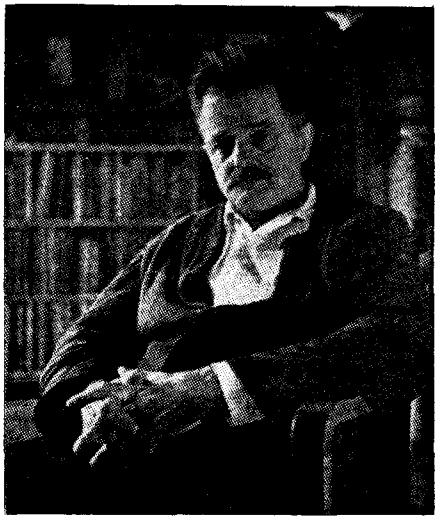
> Lions terrify most men
> Who buy meat at the butcher's—

and

> What happened to Robinson
> Who used to stagger down Eighth Street,
> Dizzy with solitary gin?
> Where is Masters, who crouched in
> His law office for ruinous decades?
> Where is Leonard who thought he was
> A locomotive? And Lindsay,
> Wise as a dove, innocent
> As a serpent, where is he?
> Timor mortis conturbat me.

It does not matter that Althea made that same last crack in "The Way of All Flesh"; it is surely a crack as old as the Bible. But, in context this year, the lines knock against our lives. And now the poets come on, in their deaths and lives: Jim Oppenheim, Orrick Johns, Elinor Wylie, Sara Teasdale, Jack Wheelwright, Bodenheim, Edna Millay, Genevieve, Harry, Hart, and the rest of Rexroth's line of poets.

The title is right; this book is written "in defense," and the parts are love, anger, willingness to act to protect. In these poems the qualities come through with marvelous strength, clarity, and music. This review has been held for long enough to let readers see how many critics talk of these poems in terms of rage, and talk of "Howl" and "On the Road" in terms of vitality. Again, this is not rage, but the commitment of a poet, coming through in the classic terms of our thought, in terms of our poetry of nature, and in terms of some attitudes identified here with Oriental religion—quite simply, attitudes largely neglected in our lives. Or, even more simply, in the words of a poet older than Rexroth, Robert Frost:



Rexroth—"speaks of the committed man."

> Someone had better be prepared for rage.
> There would be more than ocean water broken
> Before God's last "Put out the light" was spoken.

Kenneth Rexroth is dealing with the plans of women and men in these magnificent poems, which are harsh, full of grace and certainty and grief: poems of the mountain nights, of the vast crystal of knowledge encompassing the limitless crystal of air and rock and water; of the people to be loved, the mountain animals, the nights of stars, and, on Fillmore Street, the night, the moon, the crowded earth.

THE NEW WARREN: Robert Penn Warren's **"Promises: Poems 1954-1956"** (Random House, $3) is his best book to date, and that includes his novels. Most of the poems in this collection are good, and a few are splendid. In certain instances one's enthusiasm scoffs at time, and out on the limb cries, blindly if you will, "This is it!" I feel this way about at least two poems in this collection: "Colder Fire" and "The Flower." There are no Ransomisms to be found in the collection. In fact, about the only

(*Continued on page* 42)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

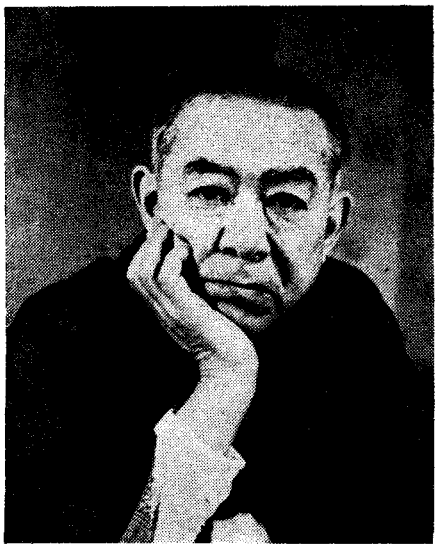
The Charm of Old Nippon

"The Makioka Sisters," by Junichirō Tanizaki *(translated by Edward G. Seidensticker. Knopf. 530 pp. $4.95), is a new novel by a Japanese writer which depicts the pleasant—and the curious—customs of a pre-World War II Japan.*

By Donald Keene

WHEN Junichirō Tanizaki began to write his most ambitious work, a novel which would portray Japan on the eve of World War II, he was rather in the position of a chronicler of the last days of Rome. In detail that suggests he may have feared that all memory of the happier past might one day vanish, Tanizaki recounted its pleasures: excursions to Kyoto at cherry-blossom time, firefly hunts in the country, imported white wine at dinner. These must indeed have seemed forbidden delights in the grim year of 1944, and it is not altogether surprising that the Japanese government halted publication of the magazine in which "The Makioka Sisters" had started to appear.

Publication of the novel was finally possible after the war, and it was an immediate and extraordinary success. In 1946-48, when most Japanese were concerned mainly with how to get enough food to stay alive, the griefs and worries of the Osaka upper classes, as described by Tanizaki, were imbued with a faraway charm; even today we sense an immense gap between the world of "The Makioka Sisters" and contemporary Japan.



Tanizaki—"most ambitious work."

The special circumstances of the composition of this book make it seem exceptional among the Japanese novels which have thus far been translated into English. Unlike most of them, it is not a work of suggestive brevity. The author, far from leaving to the reader's imagination large, barely delineated areas, is at pains to describe with precision (and sometimes from several points of view) every significant event. If the Western reader is surprised it will not be because so much has been left unsaid, but because Tanizaki, intent on building as solid a world as possible, has included so many details of actions which seem to have no other importance than that they occurred.

The book, though written in an objective style, is largely autobiographical. Here, as in Tanizaki's earlier novel, "Some Prefer Nettles," we are told of the conflict between the old and new in Japan, a conflict which is expressed on one level in terms of the differences between the easygoing Osaka life and the frantic activity of Tokyo. But even in the ten or fifteen years which separate the two novels changes have occurred. There are no longer characters who are "purely" Japanese: the most Japanese of the sisters plays the piano and enjoys Western food. (The most Western of them, on the other hand, is accomplished in the traditional dances.) The conflict between old and new tends to be one over the *manner* of acceptance of the West.

One sphere of Japanese life which, however, has been relatively little affected by the West is marriage-making, and it is with this subject that a large part of "The Makioka Sisters" is concerned. Interviews with prospective husbands, behind-the-scenes investigations, conferences with the head of the "main house" of the family—all these are typically if not uniquely Japanese. The reader of this novel will know exactly what it is like to be a member of a Japanese upper-class family.

Mallet-Joris—"compulsion to write."

A Brewer's Tyranny

"House of Lies," by Françoise Mallet-Joris *(translated by Herma Briffault. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 311 pp. $3.75), is a young Belgian writer's story about a despotic burgher who controls his household with the promise and the threat of his fortune.*

By Otis Fellows

BELGIAN-BORN Françoise Mallet-Joris was twenty when her first novel, "The Illusionist," suggested that here was a newcomer as talented as she was precocious. This initial success was closely followed by "The Red Room," which was equally sensational in subject matter and equally reassuring as to the young writer's obvious gifts. Still, the seasoned reader would have preferred added evidence before passing more than tentative judgment on her. Now, at the ripe age of twenty-five, Mme. Mallet-Joris has written "House of Lies," a novel of consequence and distinction. It offers overwhelming proof that this young woman is not just another talent groping for recognition.

As with its two predecessors, the scene of the present novel unfolds in an imaginary provincial town. It is like one of those old Flemish paintings swarming with fleshly burghers, bar maids, prostitutes, scullions, and hangers-on brought to life and up to date—a world not for the squeamish, but of lusty, earthy exuberance and, at times, possessing the strange, insistent distortions of a nightmare.

Klaes van Baarnheim is a wealthy

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brewer, an imperious old man deliberate in brutality and deceptive in cunning. It has long been his practice and his pleasure to surround himself with relatives, employees, and servants who are at the mercy of his benevolence and his tyranny. Those who make up this household, this "house of lies," may be marked by pretentious mediocrity or crafty ruthlessness. They are, nonetheless, devoured by a common desire—to profit by van Baarnheim's failing heart and by the contents of his last will and testament. And the sooner the better, for so great is his thirst for possession of any kind that the aging despot has now taken his illegitimate daughter out of the most disreputable part of town and into his very home. The danger is imminent that the mute and indomitable girl—sole fruit of the varied amours of a lifetime—whose robust, vital, and demanding body has been inherited from her father, will inherit her father's fortune as well.

There is fascination in the good and evil that move through these pages. It is a story of the intensities of life told with striking versatility and power. One is tempted to speak of the author's amazing maturity of observation, of her ability to set down reality in fictional form. But any comment on "House of Lies" should perhaps include the fact that Mme. Mallet-Joris has refused the easy solution of ending her book on the triumph of indifference, bitterness, or sterility. As the interested reader will see for himself, the conclusion she has the courage to present is honorable, humanistic, and, in the last analysis, convincing.

As If

By Alfred Kreymborg

IN A darkened room,
looking in one direction,
two were saying:

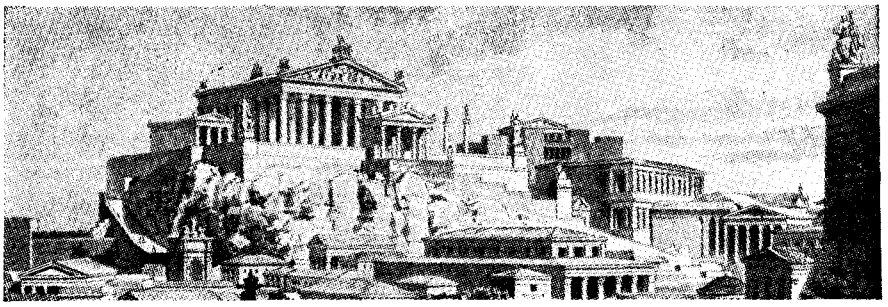
"That's life—"
"Yes, that's what it was."

"And death too—"
"Yes—that's what it is."

And in that is and was
a broken day.

They took their love
to their knees,
began praying.

And it looked as if
the body
began to move.



"Story starts on a December night of 62 B.C."

The Top Drawer of Rome

"The City of Libertines," by W. G. Hardy *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 437 pp. $4.95), is a historical novel about the passions and politics of Rome in the days of Julius Caesar's rising power.*

By Moses Hadas

THE decades at the middle of the first century B.C. are better known to us through the writings of men who were powerful actors in the drama than is any historical conjuncture of comparable importance before the advent of newspapers. These were decades when the sickened Roman republic died to make way for the autocracy of the empire. Every detail of the unfolding drama and every nuance of the protagonists' characters is heavy with meaning for the subsequent history of Europe and has been debated with learning and ingenuity by generations of scholars; but the two characteristics that stand out in the memory of the student who has read the sources and their commentators are politics and passion—both of them on the grandest scale.

In "The City of Libertines" Mr. Hardy has connected the politics and the passion of the era to make them mutually illuminating in a coherent and credible narrative; and not only is his novel a good story but it is also good history. His story starts on that December night of 62 B.C. when the raffish Clodius put on woman's dress to invade a sacred ritual, which is forbidden to men, at the home of Julius Caesar. (Earlier that day Clodius had been seen by Cicero, who would thus be able to destroy his alibi.) That same night Catullus has his first rendezvous with his "Lesbia," Clodius's sister Clodia.

With these *dramatis personae*, who are supported by the whole cast of contemporaries known to us from the pages of Cicero and Caesar and Catullus, the story marches on to the point where Caesar's ultimate dominance is inevitable. So successful is the fiction that the reader who knows the history finds it impossible to lay down a story of which he already knows the main turnings and the conclusion.

Mr. Hardy has not patched up the details of his novel with invention for which there is no sufficient hint in the sources, nor has he forced interpretations of episodes or persons to serve his plot or a private theory. On the contrary, the motives of Caesar and Pompey and Crassus and the others (and the political exigencies of the revolution) are truly analyzed. The novel may profitably be read as a succinct interpretation of a crucially important revolution.

But Mr. Hardy has done more than give savor to a dose of history and politics. His novel has independent life; it also has greater verisimilitude than have the bare chronicles of the period. Characters who are depicted in two dimensions by these chronicles receive a third dimension in the novel. Clodius and Clodia and Catullus may seem too intense for modern taste, but conduct like theirs is more of a mystery without Mr. Hardy's interpretation than with it. This also applies to the licentiousness and the brutality associated with the period. These become more intelligible, though no less shocking. A redeeming light might have been introduced with Lucretius, who is almost the only notable contemporary not involved in the story, but we know little of Lucretius or of his possible relationships, and Mr. Hardy maintains his integrity by leaving him out. The one figure whom some readers will be sorry to see stripped of every shred of dignity is Cicero; but the savage picture drawn by Jerome Carcopino, which Mr. Hardy accepts, is not without basis.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sharp Jake

"Corner Boy," by Herbert Simmons *(Houghton Mifflin. 266 pp. $3.50), is the story of a boy named Jake Adams and of his particular hero, a dope pusher named Monk Newhouser.*

By Saunders Redding

A YOUNG writer's first novel is almost sure to be imitative. This imitativeness is a condition of literary apprenticeship which few except those of rarest genius escape. It is a way novelists have of learning their craft.

But real talent has an unmistakable integrity and originality, and if a young writer has real talent it shows through the imitativeness like daylight through an uncurtained window—as it does in Herbert Simmons's "Corner Boy," where it is present in a degree of stylistic boldness, in imaginative conception, and in a certain quality of objective sensitivity that, still incompletely developed, can only be defined as instinctive apprehension. This instinctive apprehension, as Herbert Simmons grows older, should mature into insight.

Stripped of all those elements that give a novel inner life and meaning, the story "Corner Boy" tells is banal. Jake Adams is the hero of it. His values are all wrong, but since the world in which the values have their source is also wrong, this is natural. Jake pursues his values in the only way experience has taught him—and the teaching has been wrong. Indeed, nothing has been right for Jake. His only living parent, the father, is a weakling. His friends are corrupt or depraved. His world is amoral and spiritually barren, and Jake's heroes are the men who make it so.

Jake's particular hero is the kingpin of the dope pushers. Monk Newhouser has cars, money, "pull." Jake goes to work for him. You have to be "smooth . . . to be pretty sharp," because in the business of pushing dope "you can't afford no goof balls."

The principal characters, like the story itself, are drawn to fatuous and maudlin patterns: Maxine, the prostitute with the heart of gold; Scar, Jake's best friend, blasted by a noble, unrequited love; Spider, who lives by gambling with crooked dice but who is loyal to his friends. Whereas these are emotional cripples, Jake's trouble is of another kind: he never looks inward upon himself. And the major fault with "Corner Boy" is that the author, who himself identifies and who asks the reader to identify with Jake, does not make inward-looking seem desirable. Thus there is a strange incongruity between the author's sympathies and all his book implies, but the weaknesses in "Corner Boy" are almost redeemed for Simmons brings to his novel the equipment of the novelist. His style is bold and strong, his imagination fresh, his sense of drama sure, his feelings uncluttered. His next novel will be better.

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

"The sea did not divide."

Children's Crusade

"The Devil's Cross," by Walter O'Meara *(Knopf. 391 pp. $3.95), tells in fictional terms the strange story of the thousands of French and German children who embarked on a crusade to the Holy Land in the year 1212.*

By Ben Ray Redman

ONE of history's most extraordinary chapters—or, perhaps, it has dwindled to a footnote—was written in the year 1212, when thousands of children, inflamed by juvenile leaders, set out from France and Germany to rescue Jerusalem from the infidel. In 1187 the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem had been done to death by Saladin's cavalry in the shadow of the Horns of Hattin. The royal leaders of the Third Crusade (1189-96) could do no more than capture Acre and effect a truce with the great Saracen. The Fourth Crusade (1202-1204) had swerved from its avowed purpose to sack Constantinople and establish a Latin empire on the Bosporus. Now, in 1212, under the hysterical leadership of a boy named Stephen and a boy named Nicholas, thousands of French and German children were convinced that they could succeed where kings and barons had failed. Christ himself had

A Day for Hunting

By John Simon

A LOVELY day for hunting platitudes:
The weather brisk, heavily precedented;
Dressed up as portraits, all of last night's nudes
Walked forth, a little staler but more scented.

The wind was blowing crackling commonplaces
That went, like well-greased lightning, nowhere fast.
Shopgirls sold twenty million shopworn phrases,
And every second lunch was dubbed repast.

The sun spread round his sunny disposition,
The true-blue skull unclouded by one thought.
Hunting horns mouthed without intermission
While hands were trapped and numerous names caught.

An old saw with a litter of truisms
Eluded all, though the pursuit was hot.
Butterflies broke on wheels, colors on prisms,
And gilded rainbows went from pot—to pot.

Expression rode to hounds and wore a stock;
Came back cocksure, carrying to its roost
Two bagged clichés, a kiss and hammer lock,
And, with its spit and image, reproduced.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commanded them to take the cross; the sea would divide itself before them so that they might march to the Holy Land dry-shod, where they would retake for Christendom the holy sepulchre and the holy places.

The sea did not divide. The French children who reached Marseilles embarked for Palestine, only to be sold into slavery by treacherous merchants; the German children perished by thousands on their way to the southern tip of Italy.

Hugh de Gys, aged twenty-four, hero of "The Devil's Cross," follows the tragic track of the German children. He does so because he has pledged himself to discover what has become of Count Jorg's sixteen-year-old daughter, Judith, who has been moved by the preaching of Nicholas to join the Children's Crusade. He sets out on this quest for two reasons: to purge himself of a sense of guilt, and to gain the guerdon of a small fief. At Brindisi his quest ends, but along the road he encounters enough adventures to crowd his old age with memories. For there are those who will profit greatly if Judith never returns to her ancestral castle.

"The Devil's Cross" resounds with sword-play and is black with treachery, and Hugh de Gys is an ardent lover as well as a stalwart fighter, who—we are told—can vault into the saddle while wearing no less than eighty pounds of mail. The climactic scene in which Judith is rescued from a fate sometimes considered worse than death is a well-planned battle-piece. But, despite the violence and the abundance of the action, the author manages to communicate only a minimum of excitement to his reader.

THE TROUBLES OF DR. REICHENBACH: In **"March the Ninth"** (Rinehart, $4.50) a serious British novelist, R. C. Hutchinson, attempts to do some moral probing while casting his material in the shape of a tale of international intrigue. In fact, he has tried to fashion something no less lofty than a doom-ridden, expiatory tragedy set against the background of lingering hates and blurred loyalties which marked the city of Trieste in 1948.

Dr. Eugen Reichenbach, onetime Austrian surgeon and now a naturalized American working for an international relief organization, is approached by a shady type, formerly a classmate of his Viennese days, to perform an emergency (and secret) operation on an unnamed person with a bullet in his chest. For humanitarian reasons, we are told, Reichenbach agrees. The patient turns out to be Siegfried Zempelmarck, escaped Nazi officer wanted for prosecution as a war criminal for ordering the retaliatory execution of some Yugoslavian villagers on March 9, 1943.

Since Reichenbach is hazily rendered by the author, we do not fully understand his involvement, which ultimately reaches the point of becoming an obsession. Reichenbach, true, is fascinated by the indomitable will of the German's sister, Paula, and is therefore determined to smuggle her brother to Spain, where she can nurse him back to health. He is also drawn to Zempelmarck's wife, the gentle Franziska, who feels that her husband should stand trial and expiate his guilt. But all too frequently Reichenbach muses that he "cannot explain" his attachment to the Zempelmarck party.

Although Hutchinson's ruminative style and loose plotting make him no Simenon or Graham Greene in the suspense genre, the grand scale of his total conception does manage to offer some intimations of catharsis when the group of fugitives, Reichenbach included, are intercepted by the Yugoslavians for a primitive trial at the scene of the wartime atrocity. The final effect, however, is undeniably dimmed because Hutchinson's characters, like figures out of Corneille, lack the pulsing vitality so essential for real tragedy. —GERALD WALKER.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

Skulls and related relics of prominent literary people have sometimes suffered unusual vicissitudes. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, offers instances. Boneyard on page 22.

1. Author of many works of which the "Summa Theologica" is best known, the "doctor angelicus" (d. 1274) was canonized in 1323; his remains were transferred to the Dominican church at Toulouse in 1369 and removed during the French Revolution to St. Sernin, but his left arm rests in the cathedral at Naples, his right arm in a Dominican church in Rome.
2. Although his bones have not been disturbed (cf. his own verses above his grave, 1616: "Bleste be the man that spares these stones, And cvrst be he that moves my bones"), those of his daughter Susanna, buried near him, were removed to the nearby charnel house in 1701.
3. Buried in Westminster Abbey in 1637, this court poet remained undisturbed until the nineteenth century, when his bones were several times exposed (as new graves were dug next to his); his skull was removed and laid on the coffin of a famous surgeon, where it was covered up and probably still reposes.
4. The great interest in the macabre of this baroque medical man (cf. his "Urn-Burial") was repaid when his coffin was opened in 1840 and his skull sold by the sexton of the Norwich church in which he was buried in 1682.
5. Shortly after burial (1768), the body of this humorist and sentimentalist was "resurrected" by grave robbers, sold to the professor of anatomy at Cambridge, and recognized by a horrified friend in the dissecting room.
6. A century after the death of this brilliant composer in 1791 (his collected letters are an important contribution to literature), his skull was alleged to be resting on a velvet cushion under a glass cover in the possession of a Viennese anthropologist who got it from a sexton who "made up afresh" the common burying ground every ten years.
7. Buried (1809) near Vienna, this musician (whose diary and biographical sketches make interesting reading) was exhumed by order of Prince Esterhazy (when the skull was discovered missing) and reburied in Eisenstadt in 1820; an anonymous skull was buried with the remains but the authentic one was for many years the property of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde at Vienna.
8. Having sailed away from Leghorn in the yacht *Ariel*, this romantic was heard of no more until his body washed ashore weeks later; it was buried on the beach, and afterwards cremated at Viareggio, the skull disintegrating and the brains seething and boiling (1822).
9. After his death in a small Greek town (1824), the lungs of this quixotic nobleman were buried in a church there; his intestines were sealed into four jars, and his body shipped in a tin-lined packing case (enclosed in an alcohol-filled barrel) to England.
10. Since he wished to be buried in Stinsford and universal opinion was for burying him in Westminster Abbey, a compromise was effected whereby his heart was buried in the former place, his ashes (after cremation, 1928) in the Abbey.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Storytelling Historian

"The Reformation," by Will Durant *(Simon & Schuster. 1,025 pp. $7.50), the sixth part of Mr. Durant's series, "The Story of Civilization," recounts the history of Europe during the turbulent years from Wyclif to Calvin. Our reviewer, Garrett Mattingly, is a professor of history at Columbia.*

By Garrett Mattingly

THERE is something about Will Durant's "Story of Civilization" which threatens to silence, perhaps to stun, the critical faculties. Over three million words of it have been written, half an adult lifetime has been devoted to the task, and the story of civilization has been brought triumphantly from the first cities of Mesopotamia and Egypt down to the close of the Council of Trent.

Compression has become more difficult as the work advanced. The first four parts polished off smartly enough the five thousand years or so before 1300 A. D. But Part Five needed more than seven hundred pages just for the Italian Renaissance from 1300 to 1534, and the present volume, Part Six, only gets the story of the rest of Europe, with a brief bow to Russia and Islam, as far as about 1564 instead of to the goal of 1648, which was originally announced. Yet its pages of text are more than a thousand, and if the narrative continues to broaden and thicken at this rate the next part announced, "The Age of Reason" (Council of Trent to Napoleon I), can scarcely run to less than three volumes. However, even if the events of the last century and a half require six volumes, one can feel sure that the readers who have been with Mr. Durant all along will buy every volume and read every word, for certainly, so far, his peculiar powers show no sign of flagging. He still parades the pageant of history before his readers with the gusto of a museum curator exhibiting his treasures, and he comments on the sins and scandals, the splendors and terrors of his exhibits with a gentle wit and amused tolerance which is at once intimate and reassuring. Ever since his "Story of Philosophy," it has been Will Durant's special gift to make everyone feel at home and comfortable with great men and soul-shaking ideas. Perhaps that accounts for a popularity so extensive that it is conceivable that, if the dark ages do descend upon us again, the story of civilization up to our time might happen to be known mainly from Mr. Durant.

If that should occur, on the off chance that this page also might survive so far into the future, it is a reviewer's duty to warn the paleographers of the year 5000 A.D. that Will Durant's "Story of Civilization," in its present six volumes or its prospective fifteen, does not represent the state of historical scholarship at the middle of the twentieth century. In fact, although an imposing apparatus of bibliography and footnotes gives this book a superficial appearance of scholarship, and some critics have permitted themselves the term, it is a mistake to talk about scholarship in connection with Mr. Durant's work at all. He has read a vast number of books about history, and has a large fund of information, much of it quite accurate. But scholarship, in historical studies, means the critical examination of evidence and the scrupulous evaluation of sources. In the field of universal history, where nobody can be expected to do all that work for himself, it means, at the least, some discrimination as to the scholarly merits of the secondary works used, and some effort to keep abreast of the latest findings of the specialists. In this sense, there is not the slightest taint of scholarship about this volume. Having read so widely, Mr. Durant has, of course, read some authoritative monographs: but he has neglected far more than he has read, and he has taken his facts, his quotations, and his anecdotes wherever he has happened to find them, so that whole chapters of his book are invalidated for any serious purpose. Even the basic scheme of this volume and of the last previous one is derived from the false dichotomy between the pagan Italian Renaissance and the reactionary, medieval-Christian Reformation which scholars began to reject about fifty years ago.

Mr. Durant's public will care very little about this, of course, and who is to say that they are wrong? Their favorite author may be nothing of a historical scholar, but he is a capital storyteller, a constantly readable expositor, a widely read and highly cultivated man, essentially kindly and well-meaning. Time spent with such a person cannot be time wasted.

A portrait of Edward VI (aged six) by Hans Holbein the Younger.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reich in the Soviet

"German Rule in Russia: 1941-1945," by Alexander Dallin *(St. Martin's Press. 695 pp. $10), is a scholarly study of Nazi policies in occupied parts of the Soviet Union during World War II. Our reviewer, George Fischer, is the author of "Soviet Opposition to Stalin: A Case Study in World War II."*

By George Fischer

ONE of the fascinating "if's" of World War II has become the subject of the newly published "German Rule in Russia," a big and impressive work by an eminent younger faculty member of Columbia University's Russian Institute. The book is concerned with Germany's manner of dealing with the opportunity (which that country had when it occupied vast Soviet territories) of undermining and replacing the Communist regime. How near to success did Germany actually come? And was it the folly of Nazi doctrine and actions that first disenchanted anti-Stalin sentiment within the USSR and then goaded it into patriotic support of the Soviet regime?

In the aftermath of World War II these questions were much discussed. But such discussions, though long on controversy and general analysis, were often short on concrete, first-hand facts. Now Professor Dallin has gathered an awesome amount of largely unpublished data from newly accessible German archives, from Soviet exile eyewitnesses, and from numerous key German officials. He tells his story in a detailed and academic way, with neither the factual gaps nor the passions of earlier years; and the unrivaled quantity of his material makes his book an outstanding reference work for laymen as well as specialists.

This story has two parts. In the first Mr. Dallin deals with the initial German "setting" and the German policies; in the second he deals with the ways in which these were applied and changed in the myriad outgrowths of total war and occupation.

From episode to episode, "German Rule in Germany" confirms, details, and expands the previously accepted picture of a German state under Nazi leadership which was wholly intent on a narrowly self-centered despoiling of Eastern resources, manpower, and other tangible assets. The leaders of Germany neither could nor wanted to agree on any constructive or benevolent steps. Hence the author's verdict: German occupation was in every way a failure—and the key cause of this failure was the nature of National Socialism itself.

It is difficult to disagree with Professor Dallin's elaborately documented verdict. Yet two questions may be ventured as one puzzles about broader ramifications of his verdict. First of all, the utter chaos, the contradictions, and the conflicts which characterized the German actions are not as utterly different from comparable nontotalitarian situations as Mr. Dallin's book suggests. All modern and total war seems to breed ideological extremes, administrative inefficiency, and excruciating delays and failures. Up to date, the West's military and political leaders have given little indications of great interest or clarity or enlightenment on subjects like occupation and "political warfare."

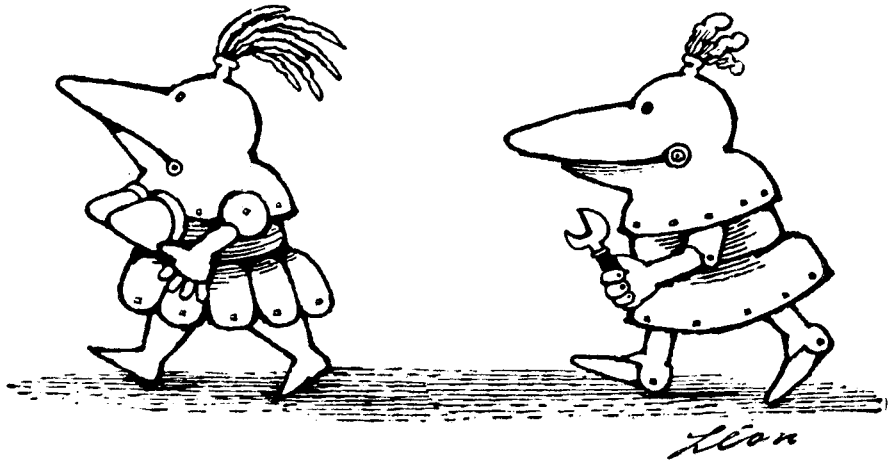
A SECOND question on the author's verdict concerns the reaction to be expected of the Soviet population. Professor Dallin does not hold the extreme position, which is still rather widespread in the United States, that the populace of the USSR is so completely and so actively anti-Soviet that any "sensible" or "decent" appeal should readily bring down the present regime. Yet implicit in his book's verdict is the assumption that Soviet citizens might have been decisively more pro-German if wiser policies had been adopted by the Germans. Such a view, which is also pervasive in our own country, remains to be proven.

In general, is there really sufficient evidence to believe that there exists any outside force which can simultaneously possess both the wisdom and the opportunity to offer to enough Soviet citizens a viable long-range alternative? It seems to me that neither total war nor today's profound ideological and social divergences are conducive to creating this kind of alternative to a regime which by now is not wholly unsuccessful or novel.

A NAZI OUT OF HARVARD: For thirteen years a Harvard graduate, a half-American named Ernst Hanfstaengl, was close to the center of the Nazi movement in Germany. He was instrumental in introducing Adolf Hitler to good society. Later he became Hitler's foreign press chief. In **"Unheard Witness"** (Lippincott, $4.95), Hanfstaengl's unique perspective (together with some writing help from Brian Connell) provides interesting revelations on Hitler's political methods, on the Fuehrer's private life, and on the Nazi entourage. In his well-substantiated opinion Hitler was an impotent, repressed homosexual whose relations with women were never satisfying and frequently perverse. "Hitler's eroticism," he writes, "was purely operatic, never operative."

Hanfstaengl was essentially a cultured dilettante with international connections whom the Nazis used as camouflage as long as they needed him. Like many others he rationalized his continued activities on their behalf by insisting that he was a moderating influence; nor could the mounting wave of Hitler's crimes disabuse him of this notion until a particularly brutal piece of Nazi horseplay showed him that he was no longer wanted, and he finally went into exile. He maintains that he had been first drawn to Nazism by his belief that only Hitler could save Germany from Bolshevism. Obviously he was also impressed by the great rabble rouser's oratorical frenzies. When he finally accepted the job as Hitler's foreign press chief it was principally for financial reasons.

As far as the history described in this book is concerned one wonders, as in the case of most Nazi memoirs, how much is apologia, how much is objective reporting. —PETER JACOBSOHN.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The U.P. Story

***"Deadline Every Minute," by Joe Alex Morris** (Doubleday. 356 pp. $5), tells the story of the first half-century of one of the country's greatest news-gathering agencies, the United Press. Our reviewer, Frank Luther Mott, is the author of "American Journalism: A History" and other books.*

By Frank Luther Mott

BACK in the days when Robert J. Bender was head of the Washington bureau of the United Press he built up a reputation for direct action. A rumor had gotten around that "Princess Alice" was pregnant. This was, of course, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who was the daughter of a former President, who was the wife of the Speaker of the House, and who was quite a personality in her own right. But in those days there was such a thing as privacy about intimate matters, and, since Mrs. Longworth's friends were unwilling to speak out about the great expectancy, the rumor continued to be kicked about vainly by reporters.

When Bender heard about the matter he picked up the telephone and called the Longworth home. He was answered by the mistress of the house.

"This is the United Press," announced Bender. "Mrs. Longworth, are you pregnant?"

"Hell, yes!" she answered. "Isn't it wonderful?"

This anecdote appears in Joe Alex Morris's newly published history of the United Press Associations, entitled "Deadline Every Minute." Last June that organization ended its first half-century. But, as Mr. Morris's history shows, it would be better to say that it began its second half-century, for the U.P. has always been a forward-looking enterprise.

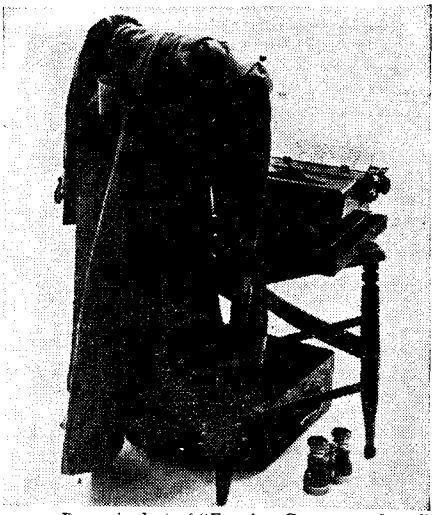
Back in 1907, as Mr. Morris tells us in the first paragraph of his book, E. W. Scripps "was in a hell of a jam." (Our author likes that somewhat hackneyed phrase so well that he uses it again a few paragraphs later.) Scripps was in a hell of a jam because the Associated Press competition had proved too much for its opposition, the old United Press; and the A.P., emerging dominant after having done the old U.P. to death, was willing to grant franchises only to those Scripps papers that did not compete with A.P. members. The result: the founding of the new U.P. Probably old E. W. Scripps was right in boasting that he was the only man who could have founded a successful competitive wire news agency. Probably Mr. Morris is right in claiming that the U.P., "or something like it," was essential to an independent press in America "and, eventually, in the struggle for a free press in many other lands."

"Deadline Every Minute" is an excellent book. It is highly readable, with its easy style and with its abundance of anecdotes like the one about Robert J. Bender and "Princess Alice"; but it is also a sound account of news techniques and of news coverage at home and abroad for more than half a century. (The story of the U.P.'s premature report of the armistice of 1918 is reported in an account that follows the lines of Roy Howard's story of the matter which he contributed to Webb Miller's "I Found No Peace.")

Of course, the U.P.'s part in the development of news techniques is the main theme of Mr. Morris's history; but the U.P.'s part was a large part, and this book is much more than a promotional, authorized history of a great news-gathering agency. Though there are times when the reader is half convinced that Unipressers are a race of super news sleuths and that their top men are in a kind of apostolic succession with Peter Zenger and Horace Greeley, there are also times when our author drops in the statement that the U.P. was left flat-footed on some story or that it was beaten by the A.P. on another; and our faith in the fallibility of the U.P. is restored. Any student of news will have to study Mr. Morris's volume.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. St. Thomas Aquinas. 2. Wm. Shakespeare. 3. Ben Jonson. 4. Sir Thomas Browne. 5. Laurence Sterne. 6. W. A. Mozart. 7. Josef Haydn. 8. P. B. Shelley. 9. Lord Byron. 10. Thomas Hardy.



—From jacket of "Foreign Correspondent."

". . . abundance of anecdotes."

Trench-coated Tyro

***"Foreign Correspondent," by Robert St. John** (Doubleday. 283 pp. $3.95), is a well-known journalist's memoirs of his assignments in the Balkans shortly before World War II. Our reviewer, Henry Cassidy, is now an NBC-TV news commentator.*

By Henry Cassidy

NOW Robert St. John has delved back into his experiences to give us another account of his career as a correspondent. It covers the period from 1939 to 1941, and although it may not convey much that is new to anyone familiar with Southeastern Europe, it should interest anyone concerned with what happened in and to the Balkans early in World War II.

"Foreign Correspondent" has for a subtitle on its jacket, "How a green American reporter suddenly found himself." The greenness is established at the beginning. After arriving in Paris in 1939 the author has to be told that the church he attends is Notre Dame and he assumes a river he is crossing is the Seine. (It makes one think back on the correspondents who assume their assignments with a thorough knowledge of the region they are to cover.)

St. John just wants to cover a war, or, failing that, the romance of King Carol of Rumania and Magda Lupescu. But it turns out to be a war, and St. John is taken on by the short-handed bureau of the Associated Press in Budapest. There his first adventure is to report the fall of Poland, by taking telephone calls and monitoring broadcasts from Warsaw. (It makes

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one think back on the eye-witness coverage of those who do first-hand reporting instead of a rewrite.)

Later St. John does plenty of eye-witnessing. He goes on to Bucharest, and there he tells a stirring story of the fall of Rumania to the Germans. Much of it is reported from tipsters, and by peering at the outside of the royal palace through field glasses. (It makes one think back on the correspondents who have first-hand contacts, and who go inside the palace.)

St. John's experiences in Yugoslavia, told so dramatically in his first book, "From the Land of Silent People," are retold in one chapter of this book. Then he returns to New York to write that first book, goes on a lecture tour, becomes a broadcaster, and finally starts back into action as a radio news reporter in London.

It is not clear exactly when Mr. St. John, as he puts it in his book, "suddenly found himself." At one point he explains, "I had always hated war," which is about the most philosophical point he makes. He also protests "man's inhumanity to man."

There are, however, some irritating errors. St. John refers repeatedly to the cable signature of Kent Cooper, then general manager of the Associated Press, as "Kemper." Anyone who has ever received with awe a cable bearing the hallowed signature "Kenper" will be shocked. He also refers to a Louis Stark in London. Apparently, he means J. Clifford Stark, then chief of the A.P. bureau in London and later president of the Overseas Press Club of America.

PERSONAL HISTORY

22nd Child of Narathip

"The Treasured One: The Story of Rudivoravan, Princess of Siam," *as told by her to Ruth Adams Knight (Dutton. 249 pp. $3.95), is the autobiography of a modern-day Siamese princess who grew up in the conflicting atmosphere of Eastern and Western cultures. Our reviewer is Margaret Parton, who was for many years a correspondent in India and the Far East for* the New York Herald Tribune.

By Margaret Parton

IN THE midst of what often seems a uniform and conforming world, "The Treasured One" comes as a fresh reminder that individual human lives are frequently strange and marvelous. Princess Rudivoravan's life may seem fantastic partly because of its early Siamese setting—but the real marvel is the survival of a strong and balanced personality despite a childhood and youth which would send American child psychiatrists into a fit of hysteria.

Princess Rudivoravan was born in Bangkok in 1911, the youngest daughter and twenty-second child of Prince Narathip Prabhanbongse. The Prince was a son of Anna's stern employer, King Mongkut, and kept up the royal traditions in the form of luxurious living and six wives. But in other respects the Prince seems to have been unusual: he faintly foresaw the future and trained his daughter toward independent thinking. One of his admonitions has shaped her life: "Never be as a stone, my daughter! Be as a ball. A stone thrown into the water sinks to the bottom and remains there. A ball filled with air, no matter how far down it is flung, comes bounding to the surface. So the human spirit, when it is cast into the depths, must force its way upward again to light and life."

When the Princess was five years old she was removed from the care of her loving but commoner mother and taken to live with an elderly but blue-blooded cousin within the fantastic, confining walls of the Grand Palace. After three years of instruction in elementary Buddhism, deportment, and court etiquette, she was sent to a French convent school in Bangkok, where she was subjected to Catholicism and the more conventional academic studies. At ten, rebellious and bewildered, she was packed off to England to live three years in a country village with the Reverend Sturges-Jones (Daddy), his wife (Mummy), and their four daughters. These three

(*Continued on page* 41)

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN CULTURE. *By Margaret Just Butcher. Mentor.* 50¢. Utilizing the materials of philosopher Alain Leroy Locke, a Howard University professor analyzes the past, present, and the future of the Negro.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: THE APOSTLE OF AMERICANISM. *By Gilbert Chinard. Ann Arbor.* $1.95. This biography of a Founding Father places the President - philosopher - gentleman - farmer against the background of colonial America.

AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY. *By Victor Heiser. Universal.* $1.25. Subtitled "Adventures in Forty-Five Countries," this is Dr. Heiser's account of his thirty-year pilgrimage around the world and his efforts to halt contagious disease.

LATIN POETRY. *Edited by L. R. Lind. Houghton Mifflin.* $1.45. An anthology of Latin poetry in verse by both modern and classical translators.

LOVE IN THE WESTERN WORLD. *By Denis de Rougemont. Translated by Montgomery Belgion. Anchor.* $1.25. An enlarged edition of the well-known study of the conflict between passion and marriage that traces mythic themes from the Middle Ages to the present time.

THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS OF PERU. *By J. Alden Mason. Pelican.* $1.25. An anthropological history of the culture and the peoples of pre-Columbian Peru.

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR. *By Herman Wouk. Signet.* 75¢. The story of young Marjorie of Central Park West who runs from her middle-class background into another, not-so-different life.

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND NATURAL SCIENCE. *By Karl Heim. Translated by N. Horton Smith. Torchbooks.* $1.25. A lucid discussion of Christianity and its relevance to the modern scientific world, by a distinguished German theologian.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Book Review Editor
Raymond Walters, Jr.

Feature Editor
Peter Ritner

Science Editor
John Lear

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Editorial Production
Dorothy Chadbourn

Editors-at-Large
Harrison Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
John Steinbeck
Francis Henry Taylor

Contributing Editors
Cleveland Amory
John Mason Brown
Henry Hewes
James Thrall Soby
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Chairman, Editorial Board
Henry Seidel Canby

Associate Publisher
W. D. Patterson

Contents Copyrighted, 1957, by Saturday Review, Inc.

The Maidens at Home

Editor's Note: *A number of readers have inquired about the Hiroshima Maidens, who one year ago returned to Japan. While they were in the United States they lived with American families and underwent some 150 operations in plastic surgery. The editors have invited Mrs. Richard L. Day, who was in charge of hospitality for the project, to report on what has happened to the girls.*

THE Maidens returned to Hiroshima with high hopes for a future of usefulness and for a normal life. It is still too early to determine whether all those hopes will be fulfilled, but the prospects in most cases are good—very good.

Most of the girls came back to terribly difficult situations and extreme poverty. Many of them had hoped to be able to go to school for the first time since their disfigurement, but it became urgently necessary for them to help their families. Fortunately, their hands had been freed by surgery for gainful work and they now had the courage to mix freely with other people. Besides, a number of them had developed special skills in the United States which they were able to put to good use. Several of the girls, of course, were tied down at home by nursing or housekeeping responsibilities. None of the girls, however, has indicated any discouragement. All have confidence in their renewed abilities and in the results of the educational opportunities they had tasted in this country.

Mrs. Helen Yokoyama (Dr. William M. Hitzig has aptly named her Saint Helen), who accompanied the girls on their trip to the U.S., serving as interpreter, mentor, and mother, writes: "One thing certain is that they have not lost the courage that they found in the U.S. and they walk and mingle as nonchalantly as ever. How love can sustain them though miles apart!"

Here is a person-by-person thumbnail account of the Maidens today:

Yoshie Harada was the first of the Maidens to get married, and is the first to have a baby—a fine, healthy son.

Atsuko Yamamoto, who learned English in Peekskill while the use of her hand was being restored by the surgeons, is the bilingual telephone operator in the New Hiroshima Hotel, supporting her mother. She will be married this week.

Suzue Oshima, with the training she received in the U.S., has opened a beauty parlor, named after the American community in which she lived. Her "Darien Beauty Shop" has so many customers that she has hired two full-time assistants, and sometimes has to call in her mother to lend an extra hand. She will be married this month to the sign painter who did the attractive signs for her shop.

Emiko Takemoto and **Michiko Yamaoka** are attending dressmaking school, the latter also caring for her incurably ill mother. Neither girl could sew before operations restored the use of her hands.

Michiyo Zomen loves her work in the Prefecture office. The typing she learned in Summit won her promotion to a better job when she returned.

Masako Wada and **Keiko Kawasaki** are finishing high school in preparation for teaching blind children. In their spare time they give their services to the Blind Children's Home and teach the Braille typing they learned at the Lighthouse in New York.

Takako Harada has a good job in the Hiroshima City Office.

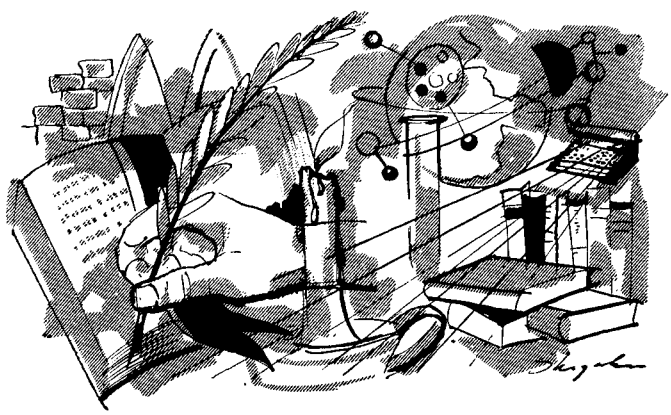
Tazuko Shibata's interesting work in a chemical research laboratory enables her to support her widowed mother.

Mitsuko Kuramoto is married to a Nisei in California.

Hideko Sumimura (known in the group as "Baby") has recently married. Of her marriage Mrs. Yokoyama wrote: "Here was one girl who might not have seen this happy day with sparkling eyes if it had not been for her wonderful experiment in the U.S. It was interesting to hear the men's conversation at the wedding, about the 'good Americans' and love that conquers racial differences. She sat Japanese style with her feet bent under—her feet which could not be bent before Dr. Simon's magic fingers relaxed her ankle."

Chieko Kimura, the youngest of the group, is attending school, learning knitting and dressmaking, and helping her widowed mother in their little noodle shop.

Hiroko Tasaka (who had never ventured onto the streets of Japan without wearing a mask) does clerical work in a school where she also studies dressmaking. She wrote her American hostess recently: "Every day I thinking of you and that you gave to me sewing machine is nothing trouble. I am so glad I have it. It is really good



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help to me. Mamma I got a little trouble. I have a little sick it is nephritis but I feel not so bad. Please don't worry about my feel."

Misako Kannabe will soon finish her year's course in one of Tokyo's best hairdressing schools. She hopes some day to be able to return to the United States for advanced beautician training.

Toyoko Minowa is a second-year student at Parsons School of Design in New York, on full scholarship, having achieved two A-pluses for last year's work. The big news about Toyoko is that she now has a job on Saturdays, at Bergdorf Goodman's, as dressmaker.

Tadako Emori is making beautiful ceramic jewelry, an art taught her by one of her hostesses in Rockland County. The gift shop in the United Nations building in New York has agreed to place her articles on sale. She wrote to one of her hostesses: "I am thinking of the wonderful people in America. We had many good friends there besides the good results of operation. It was a most learning experience for me. I shall never forget the life in America and what I got in to my heart there will help me a lots through the rest of my life."

Shigeko Niimoto is studying art in the U.S. and is living with one of the families that participated in the project.

Yoshie Enokawa is carrying on a successful knitting business. She also teaches a small class in knitting.

Hideko Hirata is doing professional dressmaking, and also working in the new city social-welfare office. In a letter to one of her hostesses, she says: "I feel New York is not so far from here. I am so happy that I have known so many wonderful people in America and my family are saying too that they could have many friends in America. We can never express our thanks. I cannot bear that I can't talk with you directly. But I am thinking of you always and I will be encouraged and comforted. Thank you very much for the key to your house. The key you open my heart by it, so if I could open others' heart how happy I will be. My parents saying they can understand now how I was happy in America and way I changed."

News of four marriage proposals—but not the replies—has reached the U.S.

THE ninety-five families with whom the girls lived in the U.S. are grateful for the opportunity to participate in this venture. They take constant delight in the frequent letters the girls write them. Many families are showing their continued concern for the girls' welfare by helping them financially to complete their education and equip themselves for gainful occupations.

Meanwhile, there is big news about the Project. The same committee which brought the Maidens to the United States is arranging an exchange program in plastic surgery between the two countries. The purpose is to provide surgical care in Japan for all those injured by the bombing who are still in need of plastic surgery. For example, the four Japanese surgeons who came to the United States with the Maidens are now providing treatment for other sufferers under a plan drawn up jointly by the Hiroshima Atomic Bomb Patient Treatment Council and the American sponsoring committee. Also under the program, two distinguished plastic surgeons have gone to Japan to participate in the operating program. One of them is Dr. Sidney J. Kahn, one of the three American surgeons who performed a total of 150 operations on the Maidens in New York. Another is Dr. Jack Penn, of the Union of South Africa, who has pioneered in various aspects of plastic surgery and whose services were enlisted for the project by the American committee. Last week Dr. Arthur J. Barsky, chief of plastic surgery for the project, left for Hiroshima where he will work alongside his Japanese colleagues and survey the situation both in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

So far the project has been carried on through volunteer efforts and contributions of individuals. If enough support in America is forthcoming, the project will be extended in full to the people of Nagasaki. Checks should be made out to the Hiroshima Peace Center Associates, at the address of this magazine, care of the editor.

—IDA DAY.

Thanksgiving on Long Island

By Claire Nicolas

IN AUTUMN the great wild beast which is America
Rolls over in its bed of fresh leaves,
Stirs the fire of its furious gold,
Kindly disgorges like strings of pearls
Furrows of potatoes, stinking cabbages,
Monstrous swellings of eggplant, pumpkin, squash,
Drapes the woods with wild grapes that hang rotting,
Fragrant and heady in the wilderness;
Maddens the earth with fruits, then, smouldering,
With the last lashes of a sullen tail
Puts out the embers and turns its face to sleep

In autumn on the wide expanse of fields,
Waving, mild and misty, warm as a fur coat,
Tractors and trimmers with loud activity
Comb it, dress it, part and pat the land.
The dusty negroes with caressing hands
Sit in the fields all day, gargling with laughter,
Juggling the harvest, drinking the air; a balm
Which rains on them, astir with wistful birds,
And softly drips from every honeyed tree.

Endless, endless it seems, the prolonged lingering
Of Autumn, stirring old flames, flaring up again
After each small pretense of age, of frost, of fear,
With a handful of sun and a promise of love:
"I am here yet, woo me once more, open the door.
I shall give in, I shall charm and beguile
As ever."

Then suddenly all is still.
What peace sets in! In a deaf mute world
The muffled thought and quiet heart, astonished,
Receive the snow. And as it heals and cleans
The ebbing tide has left each on his own
Saluting silence, and sleep, and dazzling death.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LOGIC, NOT INTUITION

JOHN CIARDI is right ("A Debate on Modern Poetry," *SR* Oct. 9). It is refreshing to see logic, rather than intuition, regarded as the proper method for dissecting critical views.

CALVERT SHENK.

Osage City, Kan.

WASPISH HECKLING?

CIARDI'S REBUTTAL contains a measure of truth, but it discredits itself because the tone is unforgivable. If Ciardi's methods are likewise those of *The Saturday Review*—and, obviously, they must pass official muster—one wonders, what is the underlying motive? Why was Lord Dunsany hauled into battle in the first place? Was it only to be set up as a target for waspish heckling?

HERBERT E. MOULTON.

Lisle, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lord Dunsany died on October 25 at the age of seventy-nine. He was a good friend of, and to,* The Saturday Review *for three decades. The editors have the highest respect for him and his work. His article was accepted—not as a peg for Mr. Ciardi's rebuttal—but as a strong presentation of the case for poetry in the classical tradition. The article was submitted by Lord Dunsany's agent, and accepted with the understanding that it would run as part of a debate.*

REFUGEE "CARO NOME"

I THOUGHT *SR* knew "Caro Nome" belongs in an opera named "Rigoletto," not "Traviata." I doubt if Ciardi's so smart.

ELOISE SNYDER.

Fort Worth, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Ciardi doubts it, too.*

THAT IS THAT

ALL I CAN SAY is this. I like what Ciardi says and writes and even though I'll never be able to write it as it should be written, I will say that he writes it and says it the way it should be said and written.

SARGE STERLING.

Philadelphia, Pa.

UNINTELLIGIBILITY

CIARDI ERRS in not admitting that quite a bit of modern verse seems to have no meaning to fairly intelligent and literate people, and is of unintelligibility all compact. I have occasionally come across an issue of *Poetry* magazine in which I could not extract meaning from even a single poem, and I have been reading "modern" poetry for something like forty years or more.

ARTHUR KRAMER.

Evansville, Wis.

LIMITS OF PATIENCE

PLEASE DO NOT devote page after page of your otherwise delightful magazine to your self-styled "ultimate-poetry-authority's" opinions on obscurantist verse. The human patience has its limits, after all.

MRS. JOHN R. MENDIUS.

Farmington, N. M.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's called money. The government either gives it to you or takes it away."

LOWEST DENOMINATOR

WHEN I FINISHED reading Ciardi I literally sat and applauded. In these times it is all too seldom that someone will stand up for intelligence. The common and deplorable trend today consists of trying to lower everyone to the lowest common denominator rather than to give intelligence and education its due as something to strive for and to be lauded when increased.

PRESTON W. KELLY.

Iowa City, Iowa.

O KAYG REG

d
ea rjohny
oum ay be
rightb uth
e
say sit
better.

GREGORY WALTER.

Bywood, Pa.

CRITICAL HONESTY

CIARDI'S PIECE is one of the best arguments for critical honesty and tough-mindedness I have seen in print.

SHELDON GREBSTEIN.

Lexington, Ky.

LAUREL TO DUNSANY

I HAVE JUST finished reading and re-reading the Dunsany-Ciardi articles and unhesitatingly award the laurel to Dunsany. His viewpoint is buttressed by the traditions of 3,000 years.

LABAN LACY RICE.

Orlando, Fla.

FOREVER UNDAUNTED

I LIKE JOHN CIARDI, his youthful ardor, his bludgeoning vigor, his cocksureness undamped by uncertainties that come with age. I hope he remains forever young and undaunted, for his is a calling that can afford him such luxury without doing him harm.

FRED N. KERWIN.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

HEART OF THE MATTER

LORD DUNSANY has reached the heart of the matter when he says "a poet should write for all people."

MARY CHERNOFF CORO.

Los Angeles, Calif.

MILLION CHEERS

PLEASE ACCEPT a *million cheers* for Lord Dunsany!

PAULINE M. NEWMAN.

New York, N. Y.

SHOCKED AT LIBERTIES

I WAS QUITE shocked at the liberties Ciardi took in discrediting the intellectual abilities of Lord Dunsany. I assume that *SR* would not, in the first place, choose to publish a man who is incapable of handling a subject, as Ciardi seems to feel this opponent is.

GARY SHANKO.

San Francisco, Calif.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Uncompelling

ALTHOUGH it has been staged with precision and wrought-up vitality, Meyer Levin's **"Compulsion"** seems not much more than a trip through a Coney Island tunnel of horrors relieved here and there with bizarre jokes. Only because it really happened, and because it includes a plea to the audience for understanding the events it presents, does it nominally acquire the significance one demands of such a play.

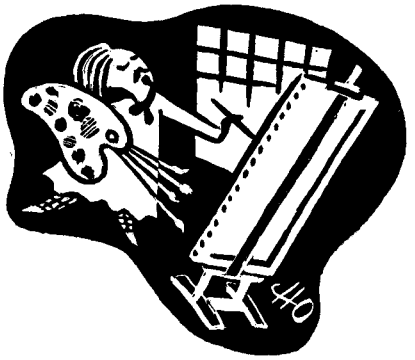
Beginning from a few minutes past Loeb and Leopold's horrendous chisel-murder of a little boy, the play (as touched up by Robert Thom over Mr. Levin's protests) pops short scenes at us in chronological order. By the end of Act I the teen-age murderers have been caught and we've had a whiff of 1924 Chicago where the events took place. In the first half of Act II we watch the defense attorney and his psychiatrists examine the accused to find mitigating conditions for an act which on the surface would seem to have none. And in the second half of Act II we have a trial scene in which Clarence Darrow (in the play called Jonathan Wilk) manages to defeat the vengeful prosecuting attorney with a mixture of cleverness and declamatory compassion. But as in "Inherit the Wind," the famous lawyer seems less interested in his clients than in the advancement of scientific enlightenment.

The play does little more than reenact the old newspaper clippings and the psychiatrists' report. The two murderers, here called Judd Steiner and Artie Strauss, suffer from a slave-master fantasy in which Judd is homosexually attached to Artie. The plight of Judd thus can arouse our sympathy, and the play's best moments involve the manifestations of his torment and the sadness of the girl who fell in love with him too late. Artie is far less redeemable. Even when we are shown his breakdown in the arms of his mother, it evokes only an unconvincing and arbitrary pity from us. Likewise, the play's final scenes satisfy us more as courtroom melodrama than as any new awareness of the significance of society's treatment of this case.

In fairness to the producers, it must be admitted that these defects were not completely overcome in Mr. Levin's original script. Yet if the theatre is an art medium, one can only regret that this original version with the author's point of view was not presented, for better or worse. A reading of that original manuscript reveals that the doctored version being shown on Broadway substantially reduces the integrity of the work. It introduces many pointless jokes, which though they may relieve the tension hardly belong in a sincere and serious consideration of a true story. It also makes obscure such things as Judd's relationship with his girl; Mr. Levin's point that Artie had definite criminal fantasies and that Judd had not; his insistence that part of Judd's motivation had to do with being a Jew so ashamed of his religion that he fell in love with Artie because Artie didn't look Jewish; the five-year-old Artie's sexual relationship with his chauffeur, and the resultant symbolism of the chisel he used for the murder and the sewer-pipe where he hid the corpse. And it makes the psychiatrist used by the prosecution completely foolish.

Perhaps only a minority of "70,000 intellectuals" will blame producer Michael Myerberg for authorizing these and other changes. After all, under Alex Segal's direction some of the actors give stirring performances in the altered material. Dean Stockwell's Judd is cleanly emotional, particularly when he becomes hysterical in his relationship with Artie. Roddy McDowall is magnificent as a compulsive show-off dancing the Charleston or making shocking remarks. Ina Balin is touchingly sad as Judd's girl. Peter Larkin's unit set makes possible continuous action, and his miniatures of Judd's room and a lavatory are particularly effective. Yet, even though this "Compulsion" may sell like *True Detective*, the discerning theatregoer must be disappointed that the play neither challenges any preconceived notion nor makes poetic the impression he might have had about the case.

—HENRY HEWES.



USE CONVENIENT ORDER FORM BELOW

TO SUBSCRIBE NOW TO

The Saturday Review

The magazine for people whose time is limited but whose interests are not.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

Please enter my subscription for the term indicated below:

☐ Three years $16—saving you $23.00 on newsstand costs

☐ Two years $12—saving you $14.00 on newsstand costs

☐ One year $7—saving you $6.00 on newsstand costs

(Add $1 per year for Canadian postage, $2 per year for other foreign)

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Zone.....State.....

11-9

The hilarious and nostalgic best seller that The New Yorker calls "A classic evocation . . . of childhood . . ." 7th printing — 91,000 copies. $2.95

"Where Did You Go?"
"Out."
"What Did You Do?"
"Nothing."

By Robert Paul Smith

NORTON

MEMO TO WRITERS:

The priceless ingredient in every book is the integrity of the publisher. If we are convinced of the quality and sales potential of your manuscript, we will offer you a fair cooperative contract. Publication will be handled by men of vision and experience. Submit your manuscript to:

THE AMERICAN PRESS

Attn: Mr. Saunders, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

A SUPERB GIFT!

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

with New **SUPPLEMENT OF ILLUSTRATIONS** *bound-in,* still only $35—2307 pages, over 900 line drawings, 18 pages of maps. Supplement alone, bound to match, $5. *At your bookstore* **COLUMBIA**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Noblest Roman of Them All

ITALY'S neo-realist directors have concentrated with such avidity on the problems of Roman prostitutes that I had begun to think that if I never saw another movie of this kind it would be a giant step toward nirvana. I suppose I still feel that way, but with one important exception—Federico Fellini's **"Cabiria"** (Lopert). For the youthful director of "La Strada" and his talented wife, Giulietta Masina, have transformed a subject that is so often merely sordid into a film that glows with the affirmation of life. Like "La Strada," their "Cabiria" is deeply moving, reality shaped with an artistry rarely found in films today. But it moves with such quick humor and it ends on a note of such spiritual exaltation that one loses all sense of the fact that this is a picture about pimps, prostitutes, and dope pushers. It emerges rather as a film of hope, regeneration, love, and self-respect.

Fellini, a tall, broad-shouldered, massive man with large, expressive eyes and sensitive hands, spoke not long ago of the origins of his "Cabiria." "Giulietta played the character in my very first film, 'The White Sheik'," he said. "It was only a brief scene in which a prostitute comforts a young husband who has lost his wife, but the character stayed with me. I thought that more could be done with her, even though I didn't know what. And then, while I was shooting a sequence on location for 'Il Bidone,' suddenly there she was in the flesh—an independent creature with a hard cover of anger for her terrible lonely pride. We had put down rails for a traveling shot right up to the door of her little shack. She came out furious and ordered us to take them away. Nevertheless, at the lunch break I carried one of our baskets of food to her. When she wouldn't open the door, I left it on the steps. Two hours later she crept out and carried it off to the woods to eat. After that she began to come closer and closer to us, like a little animal, and finally we could talk. This girl, Wanda, ultimately served as a sort of technical advisor on 'Cabiria'."

What fascinated Fellini about the girl was her obvious desire and her equally obvious inability to make contact with others. As this theme grew in his mind, he began to study the prostitutes of Rome who gathered

Federico Fellini—"Italy's greatest."

at night outside the Baths of Caracalla or walked the Via Veneto, not noting down Kinsey-fashion the cold data of their profession but rather discovering in personal terms their life, their problems, their men. He found most of them pathetically hungry for a real human relationship. From this came the springboard situation for his film. Cabiria, like most prostitutes, has a young man whom she works for, supports, and loves. As the film opens, the two of them race hand in hand across an open field to the river's edge. They embrace for an idyllic moment and then, snatching her purse, he brutally pushes her into the water. Each subsequent episode reveals another facet of her advance or retreat from the world about her—the other streetwalkers, the drunken actor who finds her momentarily amusing, her church, and finally the middle-aged government worker with whom, slowly, diffidently, she falls in love again.

All of this Fellini has touched with the special cinematic poetry that made "La Strada" so extraordinary. There is, for example, a sequence shot in a third-rate vaudeville theatre. A tired magician offers to hypnotize volunteers from the audience. Cabiria is pushed onto the stage and there, in the beam of the spotlight, a wreath of artificial flowers on her head, she is transported back to her girlhood. The hard mask of the prostitute melts away; with lovely innocence she picks imaginary flowers for an imaginary first love—while bored stagehands and frowzy chorines look on from the wings. And then the spell seems to sweep through the theatre, catching up not only the audience but even the hypnotist as well. It is a scene of magnificent daring flawlessly executed.

At another point, Cabiria and her friends—including a crippled dope peddler—visit a church outside Rome where miraculous cures are effected. The voices of children chant a hymn as the girls make their way through the frenzied throngs in search of their own miracle, a change in their way of life. Here Fellini achieves an incredible intensity through close-ups alone, concentrating his camera alternately on the tremulous, trusting face of Cabiria and on the panicking, guilt-ridden cripple as each presses on toward the altar. Afterwards, outside, the cripple lies on the ground resigned to his fate; but Cabiria, convinced that no miracle has taken place, vents her disappointment on a passing band of pilgrims. As the pilgrims move into the distance, however, their song of faith gradually blots out both the girl's invective and the cheap accordion music of her friends.

IT IS at such moments—and there are many, many more in this film—that one becomes especially aware of Fellini's mastery of his medium. He is one of the few directors who is not afraid to rely on imagery, to let his camera speak for him. A writer himself (he did short stories and radio plays before turning to motion pictures), he knows the value of the spoken word. "But," he said during his recent sojourn in New York, "when I began working with Rossellini I began to see how much more expressive the visuals can be. Now I try not to have too much dialogue. Sometimes I do a scene with no written lines at all. 'Just say what you feel,' I tell my actors, and often it is better than any dialogue. If not, of course, I can always dub later." Fellini likes to improvise his shots, coming to each new scene with a clear idea of what it must include but trusting to the location, his characters, and his own inspiration for the final shaping of the actual "take." A pivotal shot in "Cabiria," for example, shows the government worker in Rome's Terminal Station with a toothpick in his mouth. The bit of wood becomes a clue to his entire personality—yet the idea for it came to Fellini only a moment or two before the cameras started to turn.

Fellini has written his own scripts

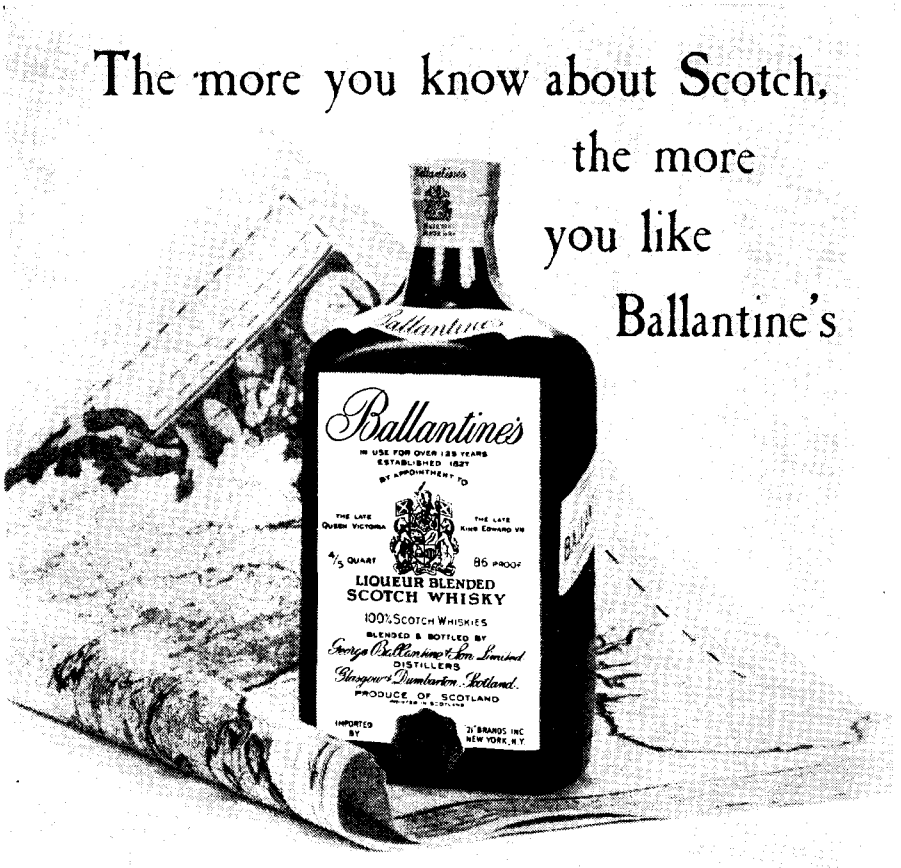
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for each of the five pictures that he has directed to date, often spending as much as a year on this phase of the preparation. "Which is not nearly as long," he admitted with a smile, "as I must then spend to find a producer who will back them. But I do not see how your American directors can take a script that has been written generally with some specific star in mind and hope to make of it something personal. I have been invited to direct in America—and I hope that some day I shall—but I cannot direct just any script. In all my films I try to search out the inner reality of something I know. I cannot work otherwise." He draws a sharp distinction between this "inner reality," which is a personal and artistic expression of his own vision, and the non-committal objectivity of the classical neo-realists in Italy.

SHOOTING time on a Fellini film is generally under three months, the least time-consuming element in his pictures. "After the shooting," he says, "then comes the real work—the editing. Here is where you get the breath into a film. I run the scenes over and over again—one hundred, maybe two hundred times. I hear them with their natural sound to capture again the excitement that was on the set when the scene was shot. I try to keep what sounds I can—a train passing by, a crowd yelling, the traffic noises. Often even these must be recreated, however, because the generators for the cameras and the lights are too loud. I also try to see how much I can do without sound, as in the scene where Giulietta simply lights a cigarette and strolls outside her house to where the children are playing. You learn to alternate sound with silence, silence with sound, and then finally it all comes alive. I feel that every director must cut his own picture."

Although Fellini speaks with a lively intelligence of the technical aspects of his craft, this is hardly the true index to his greatness. Lesser men have spoken as well. But there are things that happen in his pictures that transcend mere technique—the stain of a tear that recalls the paintings of medieval Madonnas, the shade of a voice calling "Buona Sera" to welcome Cabiria back to life at the ending. These sounds and sights created out of shadows touch the deepest chords of our sensibilities. They are neither tricks nor effects, but the product of that subtle interplay of technique and emotion which we call art. At thirty-six, Federico Fellini is without question Italy's greatest film artist today.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. 86 PROOF

ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF **BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN** DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

©Henri Cartier-Bresson

Albert
Camus

has just been awarded

THE NOBEL PRIZE

for Literature

THE FALL

His latest novel is a major critical and popular success

Translated by Justin O'Brien

Other books by Camus

Two novels

THE STRANGER *and* THE PLAGUE

THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS AND OTHER ESSAYS

THE REBEL: AN ESSAY ON MAN IN REVOLT

ALFRED A. KNOPF, Publisher

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Odyssey by Air

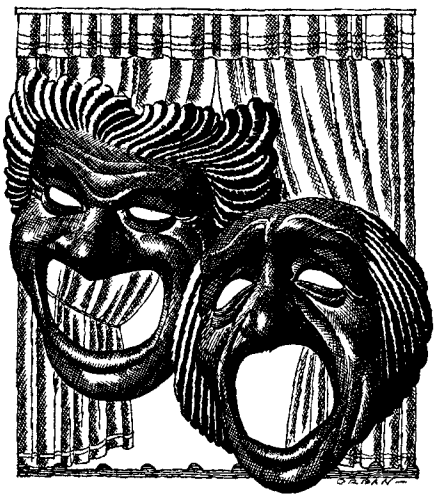
SINCE its order for ten outsized Lockheed Constellations began coming through a few months ago, Air France has been taking delivery in a series of nonstop flights which originate at Burbank, California, and end in Paris without a pause for refueling. The time required for delivery service has been running about sixteen or seventeen hours, or somewhat less than it takes for a lady who orders a hat at Saks to have it delivered to her home in Manhattan.

As fall came Air France decided to try a similar flight with one of these new Constellation 1649-As, a model which it calls the Super Starliner. The airplane, which has a maximum range of 7,000 miles at 10,000 feet and a maximum cruising speed of 342 mph, was dispatched out of New York on a lovely autumn day. Headed eastward, it came to earth fourteen-and-a-half hours later in Athens in what was generally adjudged to be the longest passenger flight on record. If it had been allowed to continue around the globe, it could have performed the circumnavigation in four easy hops.

While it is difficult for me to believe that seventeen years have passed since the first Constellation appeared, it is also staggering to contemplate that the new airplane is twice as heavy as the original. It is also some ten tons heavier than the Super-G Constellation which, it seems to me, was the last word only a few months ago.

While Air France will not fly regular direct nonstop service to Greece, it is sending this type airplane on one-plane service to Rome with a stop in Paris. For these excursions the huge tube is divided into a series of compartments with reclining chairs and footrests that spring forward at the touch of a button located in the fore and aft cabins, sleeping compartments that make up into sitting rooms amidships, and a sort of flying club-car and a galley separating the compartments and the rear reclining-seat compartment.

Stewards were about the aisles thumping large clods of caviar on the china, on our Odyssey to Athens, and the first two meals were studded with many courses and several wines. By breakfast time all that was left was rolls and coffee, there being not enough galley space to hold three



hot meals. Planes without our gas capacity recharged their kitchens when they refueled their tanks.

The circumstance of the flight to Greece and the hours that it took gave Air France an opportunity to describe at some length its trademark, which is a winged steed that is horse in front and fish behind and which is called a hippocampus. Now a true unwinged hippocampus is sometimes represented drawing the chariots of Poseidon, alias Neptune. Pegasus, the winged horse, was born of Poseidon and Medusa. The idea of crossing him with a hippocampus was born of an Air France insignia-maker in 1932.

Thus oriented to the ways of mythology, we were shortly cruising about the Acropolis, the Parthenon atop it standing strong and severe in the hot autumn sun. Although Athens is, I suppose, expected to be ageless, there were at least two new things that had been added since I had last been here two-and-a-half years ago. For one thing, there was the Stoa of Attalus, and for another there was the fever about Cyprus, a matter concerning which the government press people who accompanied our party repeatedly brought to our attention, like a dissonant note constantly replayed. The venerable Grande Bretagne Hotel, long the seat of Athenian social life, had, in a fit of anglophobic pique, been renamed the Petit Palais. Nonetheless, everybody went on calling it by its old familiar handle, the "G.B.," except for officialdom, which referred to it frostily as the Petit Palais. Abbreviation of the new name could only invite disaster.

There was considerable controversy afoot too about the Stoa, an early Greek shopping center in the Agora of ancient Athens. From fragments found among the ruins of the Agora, American archeologists had been able to rebuild it, pretty much, it is thought, the way it was in the days of Greek glory. To classicists living in the shadow of the true ruins, reconstruction in the Williamsburg style is not considered scientific. Indeed, to some, it is nearly heretical. Nonetheless, the Stoa of Attalus as reconstructed by American money is an imposing edifice, the long row of chalk-white columns casting striped shadows across the marble floor of the covered walk where philosophers, politicians, and shoppers took refuge in the salad days from rain and sun. In the rear, where the shops were strung out in the manner of a one-sided *galleria,* the Americans have provided a museum of true relics that range back to Neolithic figurines, pottery which a guide described as a sample of the "ripe geometric style" of 750 B.C., and a *kleroterion,* a Greek voting machine. Outside, wild fragrant bushes that grow in Attica are being planted among the undisturbed ruins of the Agora and the path that led from the Agora to the Acropolis will be restored.

THANKFULLY, there was no controversy over Delphi, that fountainhead of wisdom and religion to which we made the long five-hour pilgrimage one day. Here, according to tradition, there was a sanctuary devoted to the Goddess of Earth whose rumblings frequently shook the environs of Delphi and the coast beyond. Later, up from Crete came Apollo disguised as a dolphin. He landed on the Corinthian Gulf and inhabited the Delphi ravine in summer. Temples were built in his honor. Inside sat a priestess chewing the slightly poisonous leaves of laurel and inhaling the smoke of burning herbs. Introduced into a trance, she recited answers to questions put to her by many pilgrims. These in turn were translated by priests, often in ambiguous terms which preserved the batting average.

Four temples were built for Apollo at Delphi, the greatest an edifice costing 3,000 talents, a sum which has been estimated at $750,000. International contributions from everyone from the Egyptian Pharaoh to Croesus, who was rich as a Texan, met the bill. By the sixth century B.C. gifts were pouring in from city states, many of whom built treasuries at Delphi to house the offerings. It was this wealth that later led to the sack of Delphi by foreign invaders.

What is left today is a hillside of ruins stretching up the side of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ravine, among them the seventeen treasuries. The city of Athens reconstructed its treasury fifty years ago. There is a theatre and a stadium restored by Herod Atticus. Down below is the museum with its ten halls of sculpture, the most famous among them being the Charioteer, a magnificent metal figure of a driver who competed in the Delphic games, still holding the reins made long ago in Syracuse and sent as a gift to Apollo.

Writs of emancipation of slaves who came to Delphi to receive their freedom are still on view in the open air. Like the kings who came to receive political advice about wars and treaties, the slaves traveled to Delphi by sea, for to come by road was to lay oneself open to the robbers who infested the plains.

Although it would be far more pleasant to sail into the town of Itea from the harbor of Piraeus at Athens than to take the overland road, no tourist ships come today. For anyone not in an American rush I would recommend an overnight stay at the newish Delphi Hotel, which is the pleasantest of inns equipped with twenty-four rooms all with bath and terraces that look out over the grass-lined flagstone terrace to the Gulf of Itea and the Gulf of Corinth beyond. About $7 takes care of room, meals, taxes, service, and view. Enjoying it on the day I was there was a large party of Russian tourists, mostly from Armenia and Georgia. They had paid 2,000 rubles for a two-week excursion that began in Odessa. They said they were scientists, and they figured that 2,000 rubles for the trip to Delphi and Greece amounted to half a month's salary. It was cheap enough for a look at how the metaphysical world lived.

—Horace Sutton.

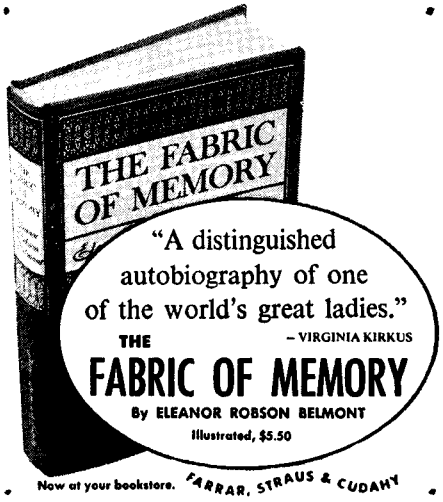
LITERARY LANDMARK: In a memoir of his aunt published in 1870, J. E. Austen-Leigh says: "Chawton may be called the second, as well as the last, home of Jane Austen. . . . Here she found a real home amongst her own people. . . . Chawton must also be considered the place most closely connected with her career as a writer; for there it was that in the maturity of her mind she either wrote or re-arranged and prepared for publication the books by which she became known to the world." Here she revised "Pride and Prejudice" and sent it off to the publishers; here she wrote "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion." She did most of her work in the dining room, oblivious of her brother's children over from the Manor House, who were often under foot. The irony of the Austen story is that nobody in her immediate circle, to whom she read the books aloud, considered her in a class with Fanny Burney or Mrs. Radcliffe. Although she was publicly praised by Scott and dedicated "Emma" to the Prince Regent (with the permission of the First Gentleman of Europe), she seems never to have been invited to join the London literary whirlpool.

Her desk remains in the home, with several Hepplewhite chairs from her father's rectory at Steventon, where she was born. There is a portrait of her favorite niece, Fanny, as Lady Knatchbull; first editions of the books; some letters and trinkets; a lock of her hair; a handkerchief she embroidered for her beloved sister Cassandra; a patchwork quilt on which she and her mother both worked. In the stable across the garden is the donkey-cart in which Aunt Jane used to drive over to see Fanny, to whom she once wrote: "Do not be in a hurry, the right man will come at last, who will love you as warmly as possible, and who will so completely attract you that you will feel you never really loved before."

—Nelson Lansdale.

3 Capitals
DIRECT FROM NEW YORK
ONLY THROUGH FLIGHTS
BOGOTA
QUITO
LIMA

Convenient nonstop flights between Colombia, Ecuador, Peru . . . 2 extra countries, no extra cost. Luxurious Super Constellations, First Class and Tourist.
Daily to *South America via Jamaica.*
Ask about 30-day excursion fares.
AVIANCA
COLOMBIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS
See Your Travel Agent or
PAN AMERICAN
Gen'l Ag'ts



"A distinguished autobiography of one of the world's great ladies."
– VIRGINIA KIRKUS
THE FABRIC OF MEMORY
By ELEANOR ROBSON BELMONT
Illustrated, $5.50
Now at your bookstore. FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY

With Gusto & Relish
New cook book, recipes of 23 nations & new *inventions,* enthusiastically offered and adapted for *American kitchens* by an Englishman and an American.
The Lord Westbury & Donald Downes
Hundreds of recipes. For Christmas presents to your *cooking and greedy friends.* Postpaid direct from Europe. Price $4.50. Checks payable to "Gusto & Relish", address care The Lord Westbury, via Roncilglione, 3, Rome, Italy.

Best Book Contest for 1958
$1600 Cash Awards. All Types of manuscripts invited. For contest rules and details of famous publishing plan, write for Brochure S.
Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINE ARTS

Stuart Davis

-Photo by Oliver Baker, from original in Whitney Museum of American Art.

Stuart Davis's "Owh! In San Pao" (Oil on canvas—1951).

ONE of the more discouraging aspects of art in our time, as reluctantly claimed in this column on several occasions, is that many artists do not retain their full creative impetus beyond early or later middle age. The theory has not applied to Matisse, Picasso, Braque, Brancusi, and other giants of the modern movement, of course. It does apply, I think, to men as divergent in aim and origin as Derain, Rouault, Van Dongen, Vlaminck, Kirchner, Stella, and many, many others. It therefore comes as a relief to find an artist who gets a second wind in mid-career and is not pushed aside in terms of public and professional esteem by younger men.

A case in point is the American painter, Stuart Davis, whose one-man show has been seen at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, the Des Moines Art Center, the San Francisco Museum of Art, and later this month concludes its tour at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. The exhibition's catalogue by H. H. Arnason says firmly on the opening page: "Of fifty-five paintings and sketches shown thirty-nine date between 1946 and 1956 . . . The organization of the exhibition was motivated by the conviction that during the last ten or fifteen years Davis has come to full maturity as an artist, has produced a body of work of the greatest importance and excitement, work which deserves to be shown in its entirety." I heartily agree. There was a time during the very late 1930s and early 1940s when Davis seemed less vital as an artist than he had been earlier. The Museum of Modern Art's retrospective exhibition of 1945 appeared to confirm this view in that only one picture in the show was dated later than 1942. And then suddenly Davis jumped to his feet again, spryer and more inimitable than ever.

My own acquaintance with Davis's work began around 1930, when I saw a few of his pictures in a group show at the Whitney Museum and thought them admirable. Like all critics I have been wrong on many occasions. This time, after all these years, I think I was right. I remember scribbling opposite the Davis entries in that Whitney show the word "watch," with a large exclamation point. I've been watching ever since, and I've long been convinced that Davis is one of the finest and most individual artists working here.

Like many of our leading painters, Davis was first awakened to the importance of the post-impressionist revolution in the visual arts by the Armory Show of 1913. He himself was represented in the American section of the show by a few watercolors, which, though relatively conventional in style, gave evidence of strength and originality. He didn't at that time understand or admire the more abstract painters in the huge Armory display. As he himself has said, "I responded particularly to Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Matisse because broad generalizations of form and non-imitative use of color were already practices within my own experience." Perhaps it was Van Gogh who meant most to him, for a number of his own landscapes of 1916-19 emulate the Dutch master's convulsive brushwork and blazing color. Gradually, however, he became interested in even more advanced developments in modern art. He learned about them partly through the Dadaist painters exiled to New York by the First World War (and from these painters he has inherited an enthusiasm for cryptic titles for his pictures), partly through his own investigation of what was currently happening in the School of Paris. One would like to know precisely when he saw his first painting by the late Fernand Léger, whom Davis once described as "the most American painter painting today." At any rate, Léger proved to be a consoling influence and, as James Johnson Sweeney pointed out in the Modern Museum's 1945 Davis show, "Davis recognized in Léger's work interests similar to his own, a response to the age of things, speed, loud noises, black headlines."

EVEN without Léger's guidance, it seems more than probable that Davis would have evolved his own brazen yet sensitive style. He was and remains devoted to the strident poetry of the twentieth-century American urban scene—prizefights, jazz, the neon glit-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter of New York's streets, radio, television (which he watches often). His progress as an artist has the inevitability which only the strong can rightly claim.

A major turning point in Davis's career, as he himself attests, came in 1928-29, when he nailed to a table an eggbeater, an electric fan, and a rubber glove, and painted a whole series of abstract variants on this everyday subject matter. The struggle to create a new and idiosyncratic plastic order from such material must have been difficult and painful. But it paid Davis rich rewards, not only in the paintings from what is commonly called the "eggbeater" series (the finest of these pictures remain thoroughly impressive), but in the fluency of design and color that Davis wrested from the circumscribed problem he had set himself. After a year of the struggle, he went to Paris and there, as he has said, "the actuality was so interesting I found a desire to paint it just as it was." The result was a brilliant group of paintings of Paris' shops and streets in which Davis's textures were enriched and the lettering on café signs confirmed a lifelong belief that typography can become an integral part of the painter's language, as it had already become with the cubists. Davis had made effective use of typographical elements as early as 1921 in his "Lucky Strike." In more recent years his use of lettering has become more subtle and varied, as in the fine "Owh! in San Pao" (see illustration).

If Davis loved Paris, he belonged in America and knew it, his feeling for New York being as near ecstasy as a man of his resolute and hardy character can get. He returned here in August 1929, and has had his studio in New York ever since. In 1931 his homecoming was documented by the memorable "New York-Paris" in which a black-stockinged leg explains the presence of Lautrec in Davis's list of his favorite artists—"Chief among those [I] consulted were Aubrey Beardsley, Toulouse-Lautrec, Seurat, Fernand Léger, and Picasso." Indeed, in matter of design the first two names on this revealing list are probably as important in Davis's art as the last three.

DAVIS's career as a painter was seriously interrupted by the Depression, and during the mid-1930s much of his energy went into polemical activities for which he was eminently qualified by his terse intelligence and his eloquence as a writer. The W.P.A. kept him alive, and he was able to complete several of those mural commissions which have been an outstanding contribution to contemporary American art and which lately have reached a high peak in the huge "Allée" of 1955 at Drake University. By the mid-1940s, as the current exhibition stresses, Davis was back in full stride as an easel painter. In the pages of the exhibition's handsome catalogue have been assembled some of his most illuminating commentaries on his own art, written at intervals over the years. One of these reads: "Some of the things which have made me want to paint, outside of other paintings, are: American wood and iron work of the past; Civil War and skyscraper architecture; the brilliant colors on gasoline stations, chain-store fronts, and taxicabs; the music of Bach; synthetic chemistry; the poetry of Rimbaud; fast travel by train, auto, and aeroplane which brought new and multiple perspectives; electric signs; the landscape and boats of Gloucester, Mass.; 5 & 10 cent store kitchen utensils; movies and radio; Earl Hines's hot piano and Negro jazz music in general, etc. In one way or another the quality of these things plays a role in determining the character of my paintings. Not in the sense of describing them in graphic images, but by predetermining an analogous dynamics in the design, which becomes a new part of the American environment . . ."

"A new *and invaluable* part," one would like to add.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Somebody Has to Teach Them Their ZYX's

By George Cuomo

THE mind has layers I the professor said,
Peeling back my brain for the class,
Splitting open the seams of my head
Without stint and willingly.
All this you can have and more
I the professor said
To the wall-eyed class
I the professor
And the class laughed.

For the rock, I said, solidity,
For the sea, change,
And I had nothing more to tell them.
But it did stop their laugher
And we could always play games.
Ring around the pumpkin-headed teacher.
Everyone enjoyed games.
The blind bard bellowed
And the class laughed.

In winter I let school out early
So the children could freeze in the snow
Notice the crystalline structure
I the professor commented
Next morning when we found them dead.
Don't be sad, everyone told me,
There'll be more students in the spring
There always are,
Laughing students.

The best kind, I said, sewing up my head,
Getting ready for spring through the long
Backwards winter. Everyone made notes
And thank God we did, for we had nothing
Else to burn and the notes burned well.
This year I the professor said
To myself, I will make the rock
Softness, and the sea a straight line,
And teach these laughing students something.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A special pre-publication offer on the forthcoming

Saturday Review Treasury

A big handsome volume containing 640 pages of the finest essays and poems that have appeared in this magazine since its founding 34 years ago. Foreword by Joseph Wood Krutch.

The Saturday Review Treasury will be published on November 22nd. Just before we delivered the huge 250,000-word manuscript to the publishers (Simon and Schuster), we gave it a fond parental last look.

Seeing all the great names together we were freshly impressed (as we think you will be) by the caliber of the writing that it has been the *SR*'s enormous good fortune to publish over the last 34 years.

Open the book at any page and you pull out a plum. For example:

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY visits President and Mrs. Hoover, hears the President offer a solution to the Great Depression, and ends up playing medicine ball on the White House lawn.

GEORGE SANTAYANA discusses the wavering course of modern morality.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE visits Nick's Bar in Greenwich Village and is mesmerized by an indigenous American art form—jazz.

GERTRUDE STEIN imparts some ideas on the art of drama-writing.

EDITH WHARTON looks down her nose at the novelists of the Twenties and Thirties.

PAUL HINDEMITH explains how he transforms into great symphonies the inner singing and ringing that bubbles up in any musical mind.

THOMAS WOLFE discusses the agonies of writing in one of the most famous articles on the subject ever published.

WILLIAM ROSE BENET, a long-time friend of Sinclair Lewis, recalls some youthful days in New York and in California with the future Nobel Prize winner.

THOMAS MANN talks about Sigmund Freud's psychoanalytic theories.

IRWIN EDMAN discusses many pseudo-intellectual fads of the Thirties.

JOHN CIARDI tells how to nurture an appreciation of the best in verse.

BRUNO WALTER discovers the personality of Mozart through "The Magic Flute."

FREDRIC WERTHAM, MD., discusses the effects of today's comics on the nation's children.

JACQUES BARZUN accuses the junkman of usurping the lexicographer's easy chair.

ALBERT EINSTEIN traces the course of his scientific achievements up to and including his theory of relativity.

JOHN DEWEY presents a step-by-step history of his intellectual development.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER offers a very modern conception of Christian morals.

ASHLEY MONTAGU gives readers a serious, scientifically supported argument for woman's superiority over man.

JOHN MASON BROWN discusses the trend away from royal palaces to tenements as the setting for today's tragedies.

SINCLAIR LEWIS and **BERNARD DeVOTO** indulge in a little literary name-calling and thereby instigate a debate which has become a classic of its kind.

JOHN STEINBECK recalls some uncelebrated dogs he has known.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM explains the evolution of one of his most popular works, a story called "Rain."

BERTRAND RUSSELL re-examines the character and the ideas of Lord Byron.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON pokes a little fun at himself and at his great non-reading public.

MORTIMER J. ADLER extends to its logical conclusion his thesis on how to increase one's understanding of one's reading matter.

DOUGLAS MOORE describes a discussion between a visiting Frenchman and a lady who tries to explain why Americans sing Russian opera in Italian.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS proves that the classic Jukes clan never existed anywhere except in the imagination of a nineteenth century amateur criminologist.

ARTHUR KOESTLER explains the problems of the writer of political novels.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY describes how, as a trusting professor of English Literature, he founded a literary magazine which later became the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH has his say on the currently smouldering topic of "conformity."

A three-decade anthology of poems, including Amy Lowell, Edward Arlington Robinson, Conrad Aiken, Stephen Vincent Benet, T. S. Eliot, Archibald MacLeish, W. H. Auden, Marianne Moore, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Peter Viereck and others.

Articles and essays by Norman Cousins, Bennett Cerf, Walter White, Oscar Hammerstein II, Philip Van Doren Stern, Elmer Davis, Irving Kolodin, Cleveland Amory, Hervey Allen, James Thrall Soby, John Lear, John T. Winterich, Goodman Ace, Ellen Glasgow and others. Plus four James Thurber cartoons and selections from Burr Shafer's cartoon series, "Through History with J. Wesley Smith."

Reserve your copy now, and save money

Fill in and mail the reservation form below *before November 22*—and you will get your first edition copy of *The Saturday Review Treasury* at only $4.95, (thereafter, the retail price will be $6.00). Which makes this a good time to order the *Treasury* not only for yourself but for people on your Christmas list.

When the mailman brings your book browse through it for two weeks. If you aren't completely delighted return it for refund. Write to *The Saturday Review*, Dept. T, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

To: SATURDAY REVIEW • 25 West 45th Street • New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me, as soon as ready.....first edition copies of *The Saturday Review Treasury*, at the special pre-publication price of only $4.95 each. I am enclosing $..... in full payment. The book(s) will come postpaid. (Full refund within 14 days if not delighted.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(New York City residents add 3% sales tax) 11/9

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Met Opens with "Onegin"—Verdi's "Macbeth"

NOTHING about the history of Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" argued that it would make a rousing opening-night opera for the Metropolitan's new season, and nothing about the event proved history to be wrong. This does not mean that there is no appeal from the verdict of public opinion as rendered over several theatrical generations: rather that all opera theatres are hungrily searching for material of the same kind, and the existence of a really performable opera by Tchaikovsky could hardly be kept secret.

The question is not whether "Onegin" contains beautiful music, for even those unacquainted with the total score are aware of Tatiana's "Letter Scene," Lensky's air in Act II, the famous waltz and polonaise, Gremin's noble aria in Act III. But for those as far distant as we are from the climate and atmosphere of Pushkin's lyrical novel, these are the only live straws in a rather dusty bundle.

Even the composer doubted that what he had written was, in the phrase above, "really performable." "I shall not describe it as an opera," he wrote to his friend Taneiev. "I should like to call it lyrical scenes, or something of that kind." "Onegin" was a work which Tchaikovsky could not resist writing simply because, at a certain time in his life, he had reread Pushkin's verses and could not rest until he created a musical counterpart for them.

Thus, for much of the first act and intermittently thereafter, one has the sensation of eavesdropping on a confidence being exchanged between composer and poet, rather than being present at a theatrical event. (The well-phrased English text by Henry Reese contributes to the illusion.) A mother makes jam as her daughters discuss their romantic aspirations; a visit from the fiancé of one (Lensky) brings with it a stranger (Onegin) who so fascinates the other that she cannot sleep until she has declared her "love" for him in a letter. He is gentleman enough to appear, personally, to explain why he is uninterested: marriage, and the rest, are not for him. All this, Tchaikovsky has told us, caused him to "shed tears" as the appropriate music came to him.

This gloom is a ray of sunshine compared to what follows: Onegin arouses Lensky's jealousy by flirting with his Olga at a party. He demands satisfaction, and is killed in the honorable duel. Act II throws Tatiana and Onegin together again, but now she is married to Prince Gremin and cherishes her vows above the love he belatedly offers. Everybody, presumably, lives unhappily ever after.

All of this is treated with an insistent sincerity by Tchaikovsky which makes a maddening problem for the impresario who succumbs to its challenge. How can one make effective the work of a man who said ("Aida" was the provocation) "I spit upon effects"? How can one make absorbing an opera in which the first act plays for an hour and ten minutes of pastorale pleasures for the peasants and miserable unhappiness for the upper classes? Even the brightly contrasted party of Act II and the spendid ball of Act III are *papier-maché* in their flimsy concealment of the empty lives within them.

Rudolf Bing's approach to the challenge for "satisfaction" demanded by the total "Onegin" was to associate Peter Brook as producer, Rolf Gerard as designer, and Dimitri Mitropoulos as conductor with a singing cast whose principals were George London, Richard Tucker, Lucine Amara, and Rosalind Elias. Together Brook and Gerard created a suitable set of stage pictures, and Mitropoulos certainly conveyed a major measure of the music in Tchaikovsky's score, especially the orchestral values (which are considerable). Tucker's performance of the tenor air aroused the only real response of the evening from the audience, but London also sang well, as did George Tozzi as Gremin. "Where shall I find a Tatiana such as Pushkin dreamed of, and such as I have striven to realize in music?" wrote Tchaikovsky to the always listening von Meck. Not, certainly, in this cast's Amara, whose fresh and supple voice is still more of an asset than she can cope with, dramatically. Lacking a strong characterization where it was most needed, the whole enterprise was like a tent without a proper ridgepole—it, in a word, sagged.

Two "innovations" of this production should be mentioned, to indicate the all-out effort expended. One was the provision of orchestral interludes (two in the first act, one each in the second and third) to keep the audience entertained while the scenery was being changed. They were derived from preceding episodes of the score, with the vocal parts arranged (by Julius Burger) for the ochestra. They served a useful purpose, non-offensively. The other change was to locate Tatiana's final scene with Onegin outdoors rather than indoors as the original decrees. It made a better picture, perhaps, but was otherwise indecisive.

If there is any truth or lesson to be derived from "Onegin" it is that abstract "sincerity" in the treatment of a text is no assurance of success in the theatre. I do not dwell on the fact that Onegin's gun misfired in the duel scene, and he was rescued by a thoughtful blast from the wings. But if a composer feels inclined to utilize one such "effect" how can he "spit upon" others? It is this kind of basic irresolution which must, and always will, make "Onegin" a doubtful business in the theatre.

THE City Center Opera Company's contribution to the unfamiliar music of the week was a production of Verdi's "Macbeth," which must add, to the average person's idea of the composer, something new and powerful. It is hard to call it a revival, for there is little history of the work's performance in New York, save by the New Opera Company in 1941.

If "Macbeth" is much more Verdi than Shakespeare, that still allows for a considerable area of excitement. For all his intuitive response to the subject—"Rigoletto" and "Traviata" were still to come—Verdi was still (in 1847) remote from the dramatic truth and poetic awareness that make "Otello" and "Falstaff" unique of their kind. "Macbeth" is full of eloquence and beautiful music, but, compared to the later masterpieces it is only related to the Shakespearean subject, not descended from it, as they are.

The City Center's endeavor was fortunate in its conductor, Arturo Basile, who struck fire in the rough clash of fundamentals even when some embellishing details failed to ignite, in the dignified direction of Margaret Webster, and in the simple scenery of Andrea Nomikos. The vocal line is both ornate and declamatory, a style for which the average performer of today has little schooling. In the circumstances, there was much to admire in the ring and power of the Macbeth by William Chapman. Irene Jordan, the ex-mezzo who has spent ten years trying to make herself over as a dramatic coloratura, sang a surprising quantity of the top and bottom tones accurately, though some in between were slighted, and the quality throughout was mostly muddy. Norman Treigle as Banquo, Giuseppe Gismondo as MacDuff, and Ernest McChesney as Malcolm were more variable than valuable.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRAVINSKY ON SCHOENBERG, "GENIUS," VERDI, ETC.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *During this year of his seventy-fifth birthday, Igor Stravinsky has been reviewing some impressions of his distinguished career, via the question-and-answer method. The interrogator is his associate and disciple, Robert Craft.*

Q. What does "sincerity" mean to you?

A. It is a *sine qua non* that at the same time guarantees nothing. Most artists are sincere anyway and most art is bad—though, of course, some insincere art (sincerely insincere) is quite good. One's belief that one is sincere is not so dangerous, however, as one's conviction that one is right. We all feel we are right; but we felt the same way twenty years ago and today we know we weren't always right then.

Q. What does "genius" mean to you?

A. A "pathetic" term strictly; or, in literature a propaganda word used by people who do not deserve rational opposition. I detest it literarily and cannot read it in descriptive works without pain. If it doesn't appear in the "Dictionnaire des idees recus," it should be put there with, as its automatic response, "Michelangelo" and "Beethoven."

Q. Has your estimate of Schoenberg and his position been affected by the recent publications of his unfinished works?

A. His scope is greatly enlarged by them, but I think his position remains the same. However, any newly revealed work by a master will challenge judgment of him in some particular—as Eliot says that Dante's minor works are of interest because they are by Dante, so anything by Schoenberg, a piece of incunabula like the 1897 string quartet, an arrangement like his 1900 reduction for two pianos of the "Barber of Seville," is of interest to us because it is by Schoenberg.

The most interesting of the unfinished works are the three pieces for an ensemble of solo instruments composed in 1911. They force us to reconsider the extent of Webern's indebtedness respecting instrumental style and the dimension of the short piece. The last composed of the unfinished works, the "Modern Psalms" of 1950-1951, show that Schoenberg continued to explore new ways and to search for new laws of serial music right up to his death. Of these posthumous publications "Moses and Aaron" is in a category by itself: whereas the other works are unfinished, it is unfinished but complete;—like certain Kafka stories in which the proposition makes an ending in the ordinary sense impossible. "Moses and Aaron" is the largest work of Schoenberg's maturity and the last he was to write in Europe. It does not affect our view of his historical role, however. "Jacob's Ladder," or the sixty or so bars of it that are in a performable state might still do that: it dates from Schoenberg's period of greatest transition, is actually the only composition to represent the years 1915-1922.

Schoenberg's work has too many detractions for us to embrace it as a whole. For example, nearly all of his texts are appallingly bad, some of them so bad as to discourage performances of the music. Then too, his orchestrations of Bach, Handel, Brahms differ from the type of commercial orchestration only in the superiority of craftsmanship: his intentions are no better. Indeed, it is evident from his Handel arrangement that he was unable to appreciate music of "limited" harmonic range, and I have been told that he considered the English virginalists, and in fact any music that did not show a "developing harmony," primitive. His expressionism is of the naivest sort, as, for example, in the remarks in the score of the "Gluckliche Hand" for lighting effects. His late tonal works are as dull as the Reger they resemble, or the Cesar Franck, for the four-note motive in the "Ode to Napoleon" is like Cesar Franck; and, his distinction between "inspired melody" and mere "technique" ("heart" vs. "brain") is factitious, while the example he offers of the former, the unison adagio in the Fourth Quartet, makes me squirm.

We—and I mean the generation who are now saying "Webern and me"—must remember only the perfect works, the "Five Pieces for Orchestra" (except for which I could bear the loss of the first nineteen opus numbers), the "Herzgewaechse," "Pierrot," the "Serenade," the "Orchestra Variations." By these works Schoenberg is among the great composers. Musicians will take their bearings from them for a great while to come. They constitute, together with a few works of not so many other composers, the true tradition.

Q. Did you know Bartok personally?

A. I met him at least twice in my life, once in London in the 1920s and later in New York in the early 1940s, but I had no opportunity to approach him closer either time. I knew the most important musician he was, I had heard wonders about the sensitivity of his ear, and I bowed deeply to his religiosity. However, I never could share his lifelong gusto for his native folklore. This devotion was certainly real and touching, but I couldn't help regretting the great musician. His death in circumstances of actual need has always impressed me as one of the tragedies of our society.

Q. Do you still feel as you once did about the late Verdi (in the "Poetics of Music")?

A. No. In fact, I am struck by the force, especially in "Falstaff," with which he resisted Wagnerism, resisted or kept away from what had seized the advanced musical world.

The presentation of musical monologues seems to me more original in "Falstaff" than in "Othello." Original also are the instrumentation, harmony, and voice-leading, yet none of these has left any element of the sort that could create a school—so different is Verdi's originality from Wagner's. Verdi's gift is pure; but even more remarkable than the gift itself is the strength with which he developed it from "Rigoletto" to "Falstaff."

Q. What opinion did you have of Moussorgsky when you were Rimsky-Korsakoff's student? Do you remember anything your father may have said about him? How do you consider him today?

A. I have very little to say about Moussorgsky in connection with my student years under Rimsky-Korsakoff. At that time, being influenced by the master who recomposed almost the whole work of Moussorsky, I repeated what was usually said about his "big talent" and "poor musicianship," and about the "important services" rendered by Rimsky to his "embarrassing" and "unpresentable" scores. Very soon I realized the partiality of this kind of mind, however, and changed my attitude toward Moussorgsky. This was before my

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contact with the French composers who, of course, were all fiercely opposed to Rimsky's "transcription." It was too obvious, even to an influenced mind, that Rimsky's Meyerbeerization of Moussorgsky's "technically imperfect" music could no longer be tolerated.

As to my own feeling (although I have little contact with Moussorgsky's music today) I think that in spite of his limited technical means and "awkward writing," his orginal scores always show infinitely more true musical interest and genuine intuition than the "perfection" of Rimsky's arrangements.

My parents often told me that Moussorgsky was a connoisseur of Italian operatic music and that he accompanied concert singers in it extremely well. They also said that Moussorgsky's manners were always ceremonious and that he was the most fastidious of men in his personal relations.

Q. Were you impressed by any visiting foreign musicians in your student days in St. Petersburg?

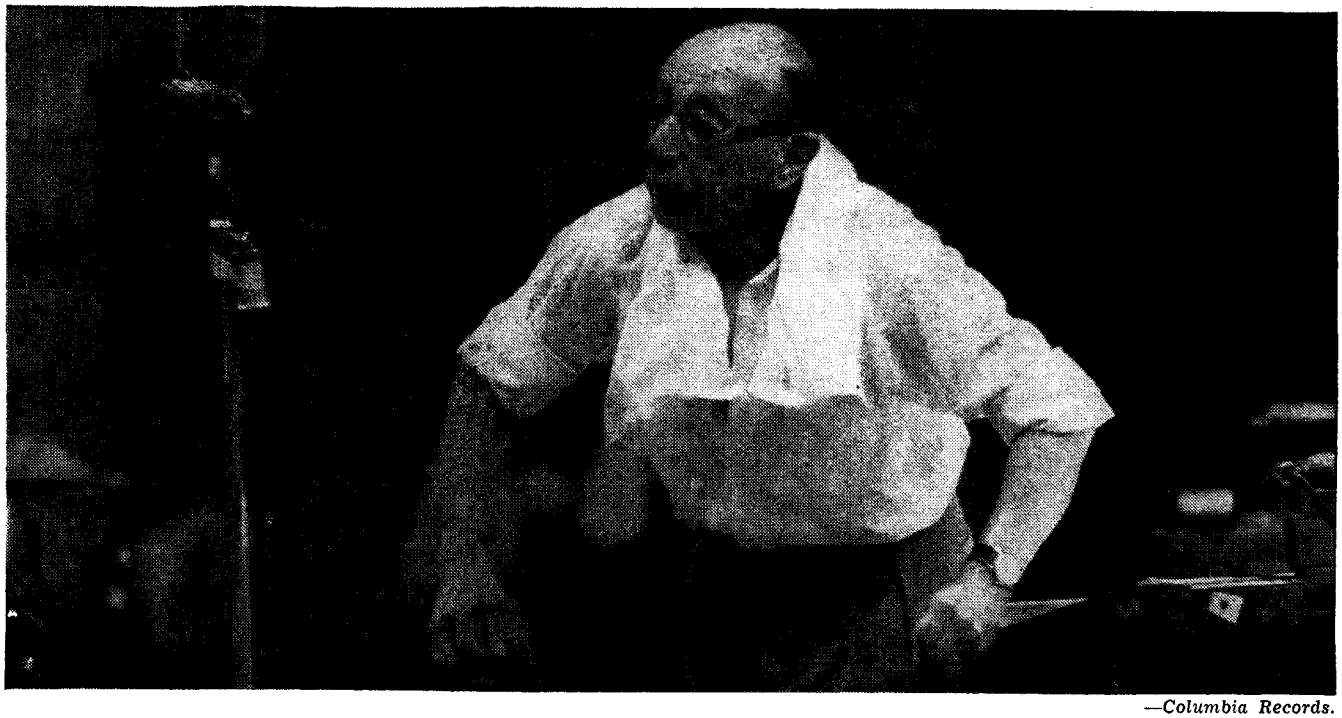
A. In the early years of this century most of the distinguished foreign artists who came to St. Petersburg made calls of homage to Rimsky-Korsakoff. I was in his home almost every day of 1903, 1904, and 1905, and therefore met many composers, conductors, and virtuosi there. Rimsky could speak French and English, the latter language having been acquired during his term as a naval officer, but he did not know German. As I spoke that language fluently from my childhood, he sometimes asked me to translate for him and a German-speaking guest. I remember meeting the conductors Arthur Nikisch and Hans Richter in this way. The latter knew no word of any language but German, and Rimsky, with no German-speaking member of his family present, had to send for me. When Richter saw me he scowled and asked, "Wer ist dieser Jungling?" I remember meeting Max Reger in those years, at a rehearsal I think. He and his music repulsed me in about equal measure. Alfredo Casella also came to Russia then, at the beginning of his career. I did not meet him at that time, but heard about him from Rimsky: "A certain Alfredo Casella, an Italian musician, came to see me today. He brought me a complicated score of incredible size, his instrumentation of Balikireff's 'Islamey,' and asked me to comment on it and to advise him. What could one say about such a thing? I felt like a little poor kid,"—and saying so he seemed humiliated.

I remember seeing Mahler in St. Petersburg, too. His concert there was a triumph. A work by Tschaikovsky was on the program (I think it was "Manfred," the dullest piece imaginable). Mahler also played some Wagner fragment and, if I remember correctly, a symphony of his own. Mahler impressed me greatly, himself and his conducting.

Q. Will you offer any cautions to young composers?

A. A composer is or isn't; he cannot learn or acquire the gift that makes him one, and whether he has it or not, in either case, he will not need anything I can tell him.

The composer will know that he is one if composition creates exact appetites in him, and if in satisfying them he is aware of their exact limits. Similarly, he will know he is not one if he has only a "desire to compose" or "wish to express himself in music." These appetites determine weight and size. They are more than manifestations of personality, are in fact indispensable human measurements. In much new music, however, we do not feel these dimensions, which is why it seems to "flee music," to touch it and rush away, like the mujik who, when asked what he would do if he was made Tsar, said "I would steal 100 rubles and run as fast as I can." I would warn young composers too, Americans especially, against university teaching. Universities are a good force in American musical life, but they are the wrong background for a composer. The numerous young people on university faculties who write music and who fail to develop into composers cannot blame their university careers, of course, and there is no pattern for the real composer anyway. The point is, however, that teaching is not the right contrast for a composer's non-composing time. The real composer thinks about his work the whole time; he is not always conscious of this, but he is aware of it later when he suddenly knows what he will do.



—Columbia Records.

Stravinsky at work: "The real composer thinks about his work the whole time."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Contemporary Music on LP

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Britten: Four Sea Interludes ("Peter Grimes"). Sir Adrian Boult conducting. Westminster LAB 7057, $7.50.	There does not seem to be as much music in these pieces as one remembers from performances of ten years ago, although it may be the interpreters who are at fault rather than what is being interpreted. Boult tends to make choppy segments of the works, with an unfortunate effect on ideas which are, at best, rather fragmentary. The passacaglia and the storm music stand up best, and are the most effectively reproduced.
Copland: "Music for the Theatre," (1925), "Music for Radio" (1937), and "Music for Movies" (1942). The M-G-M Chamber Orchestra with Izler Solomon and Arthur Winograd conducting. M-G-M E 3367, $3.98.	An important disc, as a way of filling-in some lapses in Copland's recorded catalogue prior to the much-recorded "Rodeo," "Billy the Kid," "Appalachian Spring" sequence. I am especially interested in the "Music for the Theatre," which sounded totally disjointed and meaningless when Koussevitzky introduced it in the mid-Twenties, but is now totally transparent. The other works are no less intrinsically interesting, but they suffer from performances under Winograd which are mere approximations of the texts. Solomon's work with "Music for the Theatre" is typically painstaking. Small studio recording of the type associated with M-G-M.
Falla: "Homenajes." Villa-Lobos: "The Surprise Box." J. J. Castro conducting the Rome Symphony. RCA Victor LM 2143, $3.98.	Neither work is in the upper bracket of the composer's effort, though the Falla has some touches of his representative quality. The Villa-Lobos is, on most counts, dull. Apparently RCA's interest in this tape was after the deed had been done, for it bears little resemblance to the typical sound of that company's products. Opaque, insufficiently defined reproduction.
Jolivet: Concerto for Ondes Martinot and Orchestra. Ginette Martenot, with orchestra conducted by the composer. Concerto for Harp. Lily Laskine, harp, with the same. Westminster XWN 18360, $3.98.	Jolivet is a composer with much ingenuity, but hardly the musical ideas to make the harp concerto meaningful, let alone the one with Ondes Martinot. This is a second cousin to the now obsolete Theremin, with a keyboard as well as hand manipulation to control the oscillating tones. Save for the eerie "Spellbound" kind of effect, its musical utility strikes me as dubious. The orchestral work in both is rather rough, the recording in the category of "acceptable."
Larsson: "Disguised God," Stockholm Radio Orchestra conducted by Stig Westerberg, with vocal soloists. Wiren: Symphony No. 4. Stockholm Radio Orchestra conducted by Sixten Ehrling. Westminster 18528, $3.98.	Both of these works reflect enduring aspects of the Scandinavian scene. In Larsson's "Lyrical Suite" with narrator (Lars Ekborg) and voice parts (Elisabeth Söderström, soprano, and Erik Saeden, baritone) it is the pastoral tendencies of Grieg, Sinding, Alfven, etc. mated to a text describing the adventures of Apollo among the Thessalians as a shepherd. Wiren's influence comes from other sources, which is to say Sibelius and Nielsen. In neither case is there sufficient personality in the writing to make for really rewarding listening. Good playing and processing in both.
Mesiaen: "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant-Jesus." Yvonne Loriod, piano. Westminster XWN 18470, $3.98.	I prefer Messiaen's imagery when he is writing for the piano in reasonable relationship to its traditional sound, rather than evoking likenesses of the carillon, chimes, bells and other suggestive devices related to his subject ("Contemplation of the Child-God of the Crib and the Glances which fall on him"). Much of it involves contrapuntal skill of a high order, and Miss Loriod, to whom the work is dedicated, has every resource to make it convincing. The various kinds of piano sound are all well-reproduced.
Milhaud: Concerto No. 1. Prokofiev: Concerto Op. 58. Janos Starker, cello, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Walter Susskind. Angel 35418, $4.98.	This disc adds to the quantity of contemporary cello concerti on discs, if not greatly to those of substance. Prokofiev's work has some pretentions in that direction, but the Milhaud is self-typified by the description of the first movement: "Nonchalant." Much of this first movement is enjoyable, but it thins considerably as the work progresses. Starker does as much for the two scores as any artist could, and Susskind collaborates expertly. Fine sound.
Paray: Mass for the 500th Anniversary of the Death of Joan of Arc. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, the Rackham Choir, and Frances Yeend, soprano, David Lloyd, tenor, Frances Bible, mezzo, and Yi-Kwei-Sze, bass. Mercury MG 50128, $3.98.	Despite the topical-sounding title, this work dates to 1931, when Paray had more time from conducting for composing. It is a work of sound construction and occasionally fine climaxes, rather marred by its reminiscences of great choral works by Verdi, Gounod, Franck, etc. Needless to say, Paray goes all out on his own behalf, and the vocal quartet performs well. Excellent reproduction, made in the new Ford Auditorium.
Prokofiev: "Cinderella." (Excerpts). Hugo Rignold conducting the Covent Garden Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2135, $3.98.	The descriptive line "as performed by the Royal Ballet" may suggest that this record contains the amount of music used in the full-length performance, but the excerpts are actually those grouped in Suites 1 and 2. The outcome tends to be somewhat discontinuous, rather tantalizing in the emergence here and there of melodic bits which never attain fulfilment. Nor do I think Rignold gets as much from this score as other conductors have. Very good sound.
Santa-Cruz: Sinfonia No. 2, op 25. Villa-Lobos: Bachianas Brasileiras No. 9. Carlos Surinach conducting the MGM String Orchestra. MGM E 3444, $3.98.	Two works of style and quality, highly suitable for the medium in which they are expressed. The substantial work of Santa-Cruz (a Chilean born in 1899) covers a side and a half. It shows him to be a man with strong impulses and plenty of craft with which to realize them. A stylistic indebtedness to Hindemith is plain, but so is Santa-Cruz's utilization of the procedures to his own purpose. Both works are well-performed save for some uneasy intonation among the double-basses in the Villa-Lobos.
Starer: "Five Miniatures." Ewald: Symphony for Brass Choir. New York Philharmonic Brass Ensemble. Golden Crest CR 4003, $4.98.	Despite the cliches-inducing limitations of the five-part brass ensemble (James Chambers, French horn, John Ware and Nathan Praeger, trumpets, Lewis Van Haney, trombone, and William Bell, tuba), Starer manages to achieve a truly creative result in his engaging work. An Israeli by birth, and now teaching as well as studying at the Juilliard, he has a strong sense of economical musical speech. The disc also includes a Robert Sanders "Allegro" (part of a quintet for brass) which is well written and amusing. The Ewald "symphony" is an academic piece, more interesting to the players than to the listener. The reproduction is good.
Surinach: "Madrid, 1890," "Hollywood Carnival," "Danza Andaluza," the composer conducting. "Ritmo Jondo," Izler Solomon conducting. "Tales from the Flamenco Kingdom," Marga Richter, pianist. Spanish Songs and Dances, William Masselos, pianist. Mercury MGM 3419, $3.98.	Surinach is a man who is not averse to remembering there is a listener at the end of the chain linking creator and interpreter, with absorbing results at several different levels of expression. In one strain of ironic commentary ("Hollywood Carnival") Surinach recalls the Debussy of "Minstrels," in another, the Stravinsky of the suite of 1921. "Ritmo Jondo" is, of course, well known from the danced version by Doris Humphrey, but there is interest in everything. The performances are good, though the sound is, clearly, confined by studio walls. —Irving Kolodin.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An American Approach to the Grand Manner

By OLIVER DANIEL

SOME Americans have always reacted against the potted-palm-poetic-preciousness of the time, against the long-haired virtuoso type as well as the esthetic exaggerations that seemed foreign to the more extrovertive tendencies of American life. Similarly our composers have reacted against the effusiveness and emotional exaggerations of the romantics, against works of "heavenly length," against the beloved pain and sugared ear-waves that have often vibrated far beyond their time. We found many of our musical creators becoming miniaturists, neo-classicists, experimental dissonancers, and anti-romanticists. It may come as a surprise, then, to note that we are evolving a new spirit of the "grand manner" in American art. In music, it is, in fact, a *fait accompli*. And despite the bigger scope of such works, the fine point of inspiration is not lacking.

Some current recorded examples are significant. Columbia (ML-5185, $3.98) has given us works of rich quality by William Schuman and Leon Kirchner. Major works of Roger Sessions and Hovhaness both emerge on Mercury (50106, $3.98). Recently we have had a superb recording of Piston's Symphony No. 6 and Martinu's "Fantaisies Symphoniques" (Symphony N. 6). Two other symphonies that belong in this category, both reviewed some time back, are the Third Symphony of Copland—a work taking two full sides on a Mercury disc, performed by Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony—and the Seventh Symphony of Roy Harris, performed by Ormandy and the Philadelphia. These and many more amply demonstrate that we are producing a big as well as a little music.

The Ormandy recording of William Schuman's "Credendum" on Columbia is a rich-sounding one. The work is important: it is broad and sweeping in both scope and content. That Schuman set out to write such a piece and has succeeded in producing a convincing one deserves high tribute. A bigger hurdle than a commission by the United States National Commission for UNESCO through the U. S. Department of State can hardly be imagined. We can all observe the sterility of most of our civic art: our First National Bank Grecian, and the buxom, pure, monumental females who epitomize everything from civic virtue to blind justice make one wonder what any composer might do with a commission that would represent the composer's "convictions concerning the work of UNESCO and the role of government in the arts." Frankly, this is not the usual stuff of which great music is made. But in spite of it Schuman has written not only a big work but one of high musical quality. It has its noisy moments but it has too a chorale of deeply affecting quality. The first performance of the work took place in Cincinnati, when Thor Johnson conducted it with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. It made a strong impression on the cosmopolitan audience that assembled to hear it during the UNESCO conference that was held there in 1955. The performance by Eugene Ormandy is equally impressive and the recording by Columbia is distinguished.

On the reverse side of Schuman's "Credendum" we find Leon Kirchner's Piano Concerto, with the composer at the piano and Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. It is a big and full-blown work, and in every sense a true romantic one. One strong influence in the development of Kirchner has been composer Roger Sessions, with whom Kirchner worked both at Princeton and in California, and whom he has succeeded at Mills College. Sessions today has gradually become recognized as one of the "old masters" among American composers even before he has been discovered by the general public. Certainly one of his most agreeable works, "The Black Maskers" should have become established in the symphonic repertory. The work is, in Sessions's catelogue, an "old" one. But the new recording by Howard Hanson with the Eastman Rochester Symphony on a Mercury disc is brilliant and sweeping. Surely to most listeners it will be a very new piece. One may note that the "Black Maskers" Suite was written just four years after Leon Kirchner was born in Brooklyn, which is also Sessions's birthplace. It was written in 1923 as incidental music for Leonid Andreyev's Poe-like drama (1908) of the same name. Sessions extracted four scenes from the score in 1928 and arranged them for large orchestra, the form in which we hear it now.

While the "Black Maskers" is early

Renata
TEBALDI
"Magnificent soprano"
Christian Science Monitor

Including Del Monaco, Stignani, Protti, Chorus and Orch. of l'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome—Erede.
Highlights 1-12" 5279
Complete Opera on A4213

Including Campora, Corena, Maschierini, and Orch. and Chorus of l'Accademia di Santa Cecilia Rome—Erede.
Highlights 1-12" 5280
Complete Opera on 4308

LONDON RECORDS
539 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

"An extraordinary novel . . . sensuous and beautifully written." — *Time*

Justine

"The best new work of fiction I have read in years."
— *N. Y. Times Book Review*

THE NEW NOVEL by
LAWRENCE DURRELL
$3.50 at your bookstore
DUTTON

WRITE FOR FREE HI-FI CATALOGUE
of all leading component mfrs.
CARL FISCHER INC
165 WEST 57th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

FREE Booklet on Publishing Your Book

If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your BOOK—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and sell it! Good royalties.
Write for FREE copy of How To Publish Your Book
COMET PRESS BOOKS, Dept. SR-11
200 Varick St., N. Y. 14

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAZZ HORIZONS

BASICALLY BAGLEY—Imaginative album debut! It's Kenton star Don Bagley, with Jimmy Rowles and Shelly Manne. DLP 3070

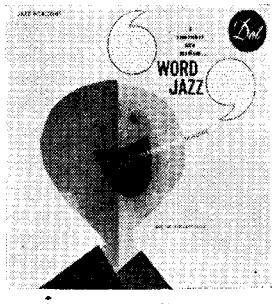
THE BROTHERS CANDOLI—Dazzling display of trumpet artistry—the styles of Pete and Conte intriguingly contrasted. DLP 3062

a new series of notable jazz albums by

Dot RECORDS

SWINGING SCOTS—In the Basie mold, Johnny Keating's All-Stars—all Scotsmen—prove to be Europe's best jazzmen. DLP 3066

RUSTY BRYANT PLAYS JAZZ—The pop tenor saxist revealed as a fine and lyrical jazz soloist. Top rhythm backing. DLP 3079



WORD JAZZ—Astounding patter by Ken Nordine, plus modern jazz by the Fred Katz Group, plus hi-fi effects. Unique! DLP 3075

portable high fidelity at its finest

DYNAVOX

hi-fi 4-speed automatic portable Dynavox 5 watt A.C. amplifier, ±2 db. from 40 to 18,000 cps., 4-speed VM changer with Switch-O-Matic control that shuts off changer AND amplifier. Two 6" extended range speakers with a jack for third.

Sturdy case smartly finished in scuff-proof Fabrilite, blue-mist, suntan or rawhide. Solid brass hardware.
model 877 $129.95

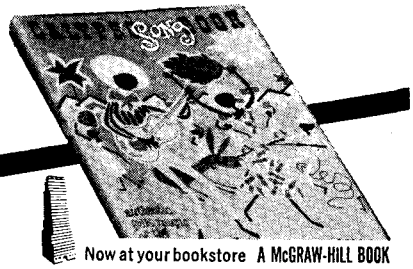
matching speaker enclosure with two 8" woofer and 3½" tweeter and 50 ft. extension cord. Speakers in crossover network.
model SP-8 $42.50

DYNAVOX CORPORATION
Long Island City 1, New York
manufacturers of quality phonographs since 1936

Authentic folk music of the Caribbean

A delightful gift book—outstanding songs, old and new, lyrics, piano and guitar arrangements, gay illustrations by Charmatz. 7½" x 10", only $2.95.

CALYPSO SONG BOOK
By WILLIAM ATTAWAY
(arranger for Harry Belafonte), and Lyle Engel



Now at your bookstore A McGRAW-HILL BOOK

FREE STEREO TAPE CATALOGUE
Latest Complete Edition
No Club Membership Required
CARL FISCHER INC.
WORLD-FAMOUS MUSIC PUBLISHERS
Dept. XX, 165 W. 57 St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Sessions and less characteristic of the man today, it is still a masterpiece of its kind. Programmatic and by nature episodic, it is still recognizably a product of Sessions, whose work is always of great craftsmanship; it is never rhetorical or vulgar. While his later works may be more granitic and to most listeners less approachable, they are always logical and direct.

In contrast, Leon Kirchner's almost detached description of his Piano Concerto might erroneously lead one to believe that its birthplace was almost wholly in the mind rather than in the spirit. He describes his treatment of the orchestra as being more typical of a symphonic work and the piano part is integrated into it rather than being set out in relief. Its form, proportion, and content are indeed symphonic in the most expansive terms.

FEW composers approach music more differently from Schuman, Kirchner, and Sessions than Alan Hovhaness. Usually his music seems more ephemeral than solid. Many recent recordings of his music have brought us highly imaginative and colorful miniatures. His music for Odets's "The Flowering Peach" almost floats about with improvisational formlessness; so too do some of his piano pieces splendidly played by William Masselos on an M-G-M disc. Much of Hovhaness's music has been highly colored by Armenian and other Oriental influences; among the best of these is his recently recorded Concerto for Viola and Strings, which he calls "Talin." But in his Prelude and Quadruple Fugue, recorded by Hanson along with "The Black Maskers," Hovhaness has written a work of entirely different character. It is very calculated in its formal structure, and without becoming overpreoccupied with contrapuntal elaborations, he builds a set of climaxes that are both powerful and massive.

Along with the Sessions and Hovhaness pieces, Hanson has introduced a new composer, Ronald Lo Presti, who merely comes along for the ride. But he is not without musical gifts. His work, "The Masks" (no relation to "The Black Maskers") is a pleasant piece; it is warm, melodic, and shares one esthetic point in common with the other more established composers discussed here: he is leaning toward a new romanticism. The first movement of this work indicates the strength and power of a personality other than Mr. Lo Presti's: it is that of Howard Hanson. While Hanson's influence has often been strong with other composers, it is so dominant here that one feels Mr. Lo Presti's own musical character is quite negated.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History

Continued from page 23

years (although she does not seem to realize it) of tennis parties, woolly English underwear, and homely English virtues were to be the three most formative years in the life of the little Siamese princess.

At home again, her restless adolescence culminated in her marriage, freely chosen, to Prince Jitjanok. This marriage was incompatible and ended in divorce. Ostracized by her family, the princess tried unsuccessfully to earn her own living, and was almost destitute when she met and married "Mr. Pooh Prabhailakshana." With their two daughters she traveled with him to the United States for the first time; with her two daughters she returned to live in the United States, where she is now employed as a Thai-language broadcaster for the Voice of America.

ON one level it is perfectly possible to follow this story and even to identify with the princess. The problems of her first marriage, for instance, might seem familiar to many American women; her husband was matter-of-fact and expected maturity in his wife—she was romantic, still adolescent, and expected sentiment. "It is not possible to travel in opposite directions, hand in hand," she remarks sadly.

But there is so much, as there always is in contemplating phases of Asian life, that is bewildering. One feels in tune, understanding, and sympathetic—and suddenly it is all out of focus: The intelligent "modern" father who puts a small child through a series of shocking emotional changes. The girl who one week is taking part in a traditional virgin-testing ceremony at court and the next week is out dancing and picnicking with a young man who wears a blazer and plays a ukelele. The sister of a queen opening a dress shop and running a dance studio. The loving wife who feels she must abandon her husband and her country in order to teach her girls real democracy. What does Mr. Pooh Prabhailakshana, back in Bangkok, think of all this? This question, like so many others, is never answered.

But perhaps questions are quibbles. Princess Rudivoravan and Miss Knight have brought Anna and her Siam handsomely up to date in a book which is always interesting if not always completely comprehensible. And no doubt reticence is the price a woman pays for the luxury of autobiography.

—*David Lees.*

Craig—"his ideas have been realized."

An Artist Evolves

***"Index to the Story of My Days," by Edward Gordon Craig** (Viking. 308 pp. $7.50), is an autobiographical account of the life of a famous theatrical designer and producer.*

By William W. Appleton

THE peculiar genius of Edward Gordon Craig, illegitimate son of Ellen Terry and Edward William Godwin, architect, stage designer, and now in his eighty-fifth year, still defies classification. His "Index to the Story of My Days" fits the category neither of autobiography nor of diary. A collection of materials for some future biographer, Craig calls it. One might also describe it as a sketch of the artist as a young man. Like James Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," this is an account of a calling to the ministry of art.

Craig's story is that of his slow coming of age. He inevitably gravitated toward the theatre. Henry Irving, with his usual success, played the part of foster father to him, and it was in the Lyceum Theatre that Craig's real education took place. During the thirty-five years covered by this book he evolved from actor to designer to producer—or perhaps, better still, to artist. From the time he first appeared on the Chicago stage in 1885, his life was that of the theatre, actual and ideal.

At the age of six the germination of his ideas had already begun. Tiring of the maze in Hampton Court, he wandered into the palace and became lost in admiration of the state beds. "The impossible, grand, motionless beds—unslept in, but sleeping standing . . . The drama was grand and perfect; great actors would come and go; but the stage itself was not fit to receive either—not like these beds." A note such as this one on the crude, almost comic, genesis of an idea, outweighs reams of documentation on second-best Elizabethan beds, and such jottings must prove invaluable to Craig's future biographers.

OF Craig the man we get extraordinary little in this book. Without the slightest advance notice, we are told that "On Monday, after the theatres closed, I was married at a registry office to Miss M. Gibson." A page or two later we are told, "I needed a woman. In consequence, I married, which was the wrong thing to do." Such understatement is not usual biographically, but here it suffices. It is the artist, after all, who concerns us. While Craig inserts enough data to serve as signposts on his pilgrimage toward the ideal theatre, his real chronology is in the world of ideas.

These ideas, as in the past, both stimulate and exasperate—often simultaneously. "Farce is the essential theatre," he writes. "Farce refined becomes high comedy; farce brutalized becomes tragedy. But at the root of all drama farce is to be found." One wishes he would expand such a notion which explains, perhaps, his current enthusiasm for collecting English farces. Instead he plunges on. He offers, seriously, some amazingly ignorant comment on the structure of Elizabethan playhouses. He suggests, jokingly, that Hamlet be played by an actor wearing a black eye-patch as a sign of mourning. (Hamlet by Hathaway! Craig would relish the notion!) Everywhere he stresses intuition at the expense of fact. But his notions, however striking, ill-informed, or grotesque, all testify to the supreme necessity for freshness of vision.

All in all, it is astonishing to what an extent his ideas have been realized. Nowadays the director's name, rather than the star's, not infrequently appears on the theatre marquee. Berthold Brecht, Peter Brook, and Elia Kazan have triumphantly demonstrated the importance of the artist in unifying the resources of the theatre. Craig's long years of silence have not been without their satisfactions. He has simply remained still, waiting for time to catch up to him. Recently the Bibliotheque Nationale has acquired his vast collections of theatre memorabilia, notes, and manuscripts. For the moment these are inaccessible. But this book gives us some idea of how rich a source of suggestion these should prove to be to lovers of the theatre.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Verse

Continued from page 15

remaining mannerism is an overfondness for the words "ruined" (two on the first page) and "gold" (seven in one poem) and the inclusion (only once) of the word "velleity."

Unquestionably Warren's growing simplicity of diction is a function of his growth as an artist and as a man. It would have been impossible for him to have written such a stanza as this in his earlier collection:

> To pause, in high pride of undisillusioned manhood,
> At the gap that gives on the new century, and land,
> And with calm heart and level eye command
> That dawning perspective and possibility of human good.

Even so recently as in the narrative poem "Brother to Dragons" (1953) there is less sureness. Remarkable and admirable as that long poem is, its prevailing pessimism seems a bit literary, Hardyesque, and forced. I am convinced by the poet speaking for himself, but not by Thomas Jefferson saying:

> . . . forgiveness is the one unforgivable Act. . . . There is no forgiveness for our being human. It is the unexpungable error.

For when anyone but the poet speaks, Warren the Novelist takes over. And as anyone who has read "Band of Angels" must know, Warren the Novelist can be heavy-handed, didactic, prolix, sentimental, even a bit of a sensationalist—qualities that seldom mar the poems.

Yet isn't it precisely because this poet is so versatile, because he essays so much, feels for the country and its problems so deeply and so honestly, that he manages in his best poems to be so human and speaks to all of us? Anyone who has read his last book, "Segregation: The Inner Conflict in the South," must acknowledge not only his great gifts as a reporter and a commentator on the ambiguous national morals but also his unequaled ear for the common tongue. It comes out in these poems:

> Tow hair was thick as a corn-shuck mat.
> They had milky blue eyes in matching pairs.
> And barefoot or brogan, when they sat
> Their toes were the kind that hook round the legs of chairs.
>
> They had adenoids to make you choke,
> And buttermilk breath, and their flannels asteam,
> And sat right mannerly while teacher spoke,
> But when book-time came their eyes were glazed and adream.

There is more of the vernacular—and of wit—in this poem called "School Lesson Based on Word of Tragic Death of Entire Gillum Family"; and there is wit of another kind, expressed in a different but equally appropriate idiom, in the poem entitled "Modification of Landscape":

> Some will take up religion, some discover the virtue of money.
> Some will find liberal causes the mask for psychic disturbance.
> Some will expiate ego with excessive kindness to servants,
> And some make a cult of honor, having often quite little, if any.

—S. R.

SEX AND A LEERING POET: Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes used to remark to his Harvard students that the *mons veneris* was the real *arc de triomphe*. There is more wit, more sweet charm, in that single crack than in all the "sonnets" making up Merrill Moore's new collection, **"The Hill of Venus"** (Twayne, $3). True, he will now and then make such an observation as:

> Through my body, my imagination
> Runs, as a frightened child might, through a house

—which is a noticeable observation; but almost entirely, regarded from any point of view, these sexual case-history poems are negligible. Their material, so to speak, cannot be interesting because their manner is so uninteresting. The flatness of rhyme and rhythm, the shapeless, spineless "form" of the poem commit fatalities in writing. The not infrequent air of immature leering is consistent with the dashed-off irresponsibility of composition.

As everyone knows, the late Dr. Moore was a prodigious writer of these "sonnets"; he had a compulsion, which must have fascinated him as a psychiatrist, to pour out uncounted thousands of these things. They have been spoken well of over the years by such craftsmen as John Crowe Ransom, Dudley Fitts, Louis Untermeyer, and even that prime sonnet-hater, William Carlos Williams (perhaps because Dr. Moore destroyed the sonnet); and the strongest possible *apologia* for Moore's work was made only recently in this magazine by its poetry editor. Yet when all is said that can be said for Moore's energetic immediacy, his verve, his astounding copiousness, one has to insist that such uncontrolled slapdash is the very antithesis of poetry.

—Winfield Townley Scott.

TWO VOICES OF POETRY: The reissue of Walter de la Mare's **"Come Hither"** (Knopf, $7.50) is a happy thing. There is no anthology like this one in English, and none that does better by the pure oaten-pipe of English poetry. There are no hard-knocking poems in this collection, and one will search a long way through these melodies for a good thumping spondee. Although there are over 500 poems here,

Robert Penn Warren.

Walt Whitman.

Daniel Berrigan.

Ted Hughes.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is not one complete poem by John Donne, for example, though three fragments of Donne poems occur in the notes. Walter de la Mare, that is to say, was tuned primarily to one voice of English poetry and only one. And in the exclusion of all else lies the particular strength and flavor of this collection. When the reader's mood is for the trilled note, this is the book to reach for, and bless it for being there. There is nothing in English, moreover, quite as charmingly learned and provocative as de la Mare's comments on these poems in his final section of notes, "About and Roundabout." If there is a child in the family, or if one has himself been a child at some time, this is certainly one of the books that needs to be built into what used to be called "the family" before the demon ad man came up with "togetherness."

A totally different voice of English poetry arises from Vivian de Sola Pinto's and Allen Edwin Rodway's **"The Common Muse,"** subtitled "An Anthology of Popular British Ballad Poetry, XVth-XXth Century" (Philosophical Library, $10). Here the voice is round, good-humoredly cynical, and straight from the streets, with some specimens (discreetly relegated to appendices) that will have to be put down as outright bawdy, and then some. This is the voice of the Broadside, of the street-hawker, of the laborer, and of the soldier. A man with a guitar will find the ballads of this "suppressed voice" a treasure trove for his repertoire (he will have to dig up his own music). The non-ballad singer will find his reward in the knack and knock of the common speech finding its way to form. No music from green thickets here, but rather the voice of what sings in alleys. And if not "great literature" (whatever that means), these broadside ballads are as rightful descendants as any of the folk ballad tradition. One has only to put "The Common Muse" beside such a collection of "folk" ballads as Albert B. Friedman's **"The Viking Book of Folk Ballads of the English Speaking World"** (Viking, $4.95) to see the line of descent—and to provide himself with happy reading in the most direct and most rollicking of the voices of English poetry. —JOHN CIARDI.

FROM A VIOLENT WORLD: Since Marianne Moore, W. H. Auden, and Stephen Spender have been unanimous in choosing Ted Hughes's poems for the YM-YWHA First Publication Award, it would be any reviewer's hard work to argue their choice. But it's good to be able to say that they chose well for **"The Hawk in the Rain"** (Harper, $2.75) is a tough-minded book of first poems which have a fibre that is their own. Sometimes, as in the title poem, the syntax is as rough as the prosody, but both are only a measure of the violent world from which Ted Hughes writes. If he is inclined toward raw adjectives which sometimes call more attention to themselves than to the world they qualify, he dramatizes at his best human hurt and integrity with a verbal energy that has been rare in recent English poetry, so that it is perhaps not surprising that such periodical publication as these poems have previously found has been in America. But it is to America that Mr. Hughes has now come with his American wife (who, as Sylvia Plath, owns some fine poems herself), and to read his penetrating "Famous Poet" is to know how rightly his defenses are arranged against what this country can do to the luck that comes from abroad—whether England or Wales.

Luckiest of all, Ted Hughes's poems keep measuring the empty gap between what *seems* and what *is*, and even in the gentle lyricism of "The Dove Breeder," the depth of his perception is as sure as in the modest "Modest Proposal" or the climactic "Martyrdom of Bishop Farrar." Mr. Hughes is a young poet in his tendency to overwrite, but he is also young in his refusal to cater to anything but his own demand for honest poems, and there is every evidence in this first book that both he and such poems will age well.

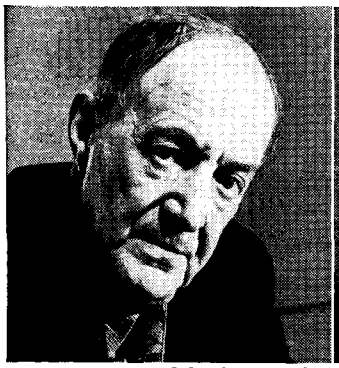
—PHILIP BOOTH.

POEMS OF A PRIEST: For a first book of poetry, Father Daniel Berrigan's **"Time Without Number"** (Macmillan, $2.75) speaks with remarkable precision. Yet its craftsmanship cannot obscure the work's indebtedness, not only to the general tradition of the lyric, but more specifically to individual poets. "You may decline a whole night of stars / by lighting or snuffing a candle in a closet" *sounds* like Marianne Moore. Hopkins comes through in "Christ, to whose eyes flew, / whose human heart knew, or furious or slow, / the dark wingbeat of time . . ."; while Cummings might have said of poetry, "make it plain with death / and bitter as remember." Whole poems would have to be transcribed to illustrate the tonal relationship to Thomas's lyrics, and the suggestions of MacLeish are too fleeting to be captured out of context.

Yet the final personality is Father Berrigan's, and the poetry, particularly in its devotional aspects, blending religion and nature, is sincere in its emotions. Perhaps, after all, it is ungrateful to quibble because good and readable poetry is not great.

—ROBERT D. SPECTOR.

THE EBULLIENT WHITMAN: In **"A Critical Guide to Leaves of Grass"** (University of Chicago Press, $6) James E. Miller, Jr. has provided another of those useful guides to poetry which avoid biographical or psychoanalytical speculation by focusing on the verse itself. His structural analyses of Walt Whitman's better poems are models of technical skill and judicious restraint. In them he discovers thematic patterns and recurrent imagery which confirm Whitman as an artist in control of his materials. In them also he points to a remarkable consistency in the expression of ideas built upon the best liberal thought of Whitman's time



—*John Gay, London.*

Walter de la Mare.

Merrill Moore.

Robert Hillyer.

—*Frescoby Giotto.*

Dante.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which make it necessary to accept the poet, for all his manifest shortcomings or his excesses of naïveté or enthusiasm, as the creator of a native epic which expresses better than any other a young nation's ebullient estimation of her powers and opportunities.

—Lewis Leary.

A QUIET VOICE: The chief virtue of Robert Hillyer's **"The Relic and Other Poems"** (Knopf, $3.50) is technical competency in the traditional lyric forms. Permitting his meter to evoke a melancholy mood, Mr. Hillyer rarely raises his voice to a shrill note. These are mainly poems of quiet protest—against society's denuding of nature, against ugliness and destruction and especially against death. Repeatedly the poet sadly recalls feelings of his childhood:

I am afraid of time and of time's ending,
As though the luminous evening now descending
Were the world's last. I am afraid, afraid
Of the dark plunge to endless repetition.

Although genuine, the sentiment is hardly profound. His simplicity suggests restraint, but in the section entitled "Observations," demanding philosophical depth, such habituated restraint is not enough. Here Hillyer substitutes a superficial wit, but the result should allay his fears of the New Critic, "Who makes obscure what once was fairly clear. . . ." These are not poems for explication. What they are, for better or worse, they most obviously are.

—Robert D. Spector.

MOMENTS IN THE WEST INDIES: Tram Combs's **"Pilgrim's Terrace"** (Editorial La Nueva Salamanca, Puerto Rico; $2) is one of the two substantial and original books of verse by a new poet which has come my way in the past several years. (The other: "The Hawk in the Rain," by Ted Hughes, reviewed on page 43.) In such a rare event, it seems both niggardly and beside the point to be critical. One remembers the criticisms that were made of Keats's first book, and indeed of his second and third books, but one also remembers that, although all of the criticisms stand up today, the critics who made them would, if they were brought back to life, wish they had kept their peace.

This is a loose-jointed book and a a loose-jointed poet—the most difficult and hazardous way to write, surely; yet Tram Combs gets away with it through sheer talent, forthrightness, and unwillingness to use any of the familiar tricks of the trade. One of the slightest of the poems will make the point:

last at night and in the earliest light
your long eyes, and resin laugh
are bright in the bed here

(like waters' fall in the mind's mountains
storms, stars, burning beasts of seas,
gods in lacquered niches)

I dream your arms and pits
in the strands of sleep
mould you—toes, thighs, tongue

It's as deceptively simple as that. The book is a journal of occasional poems on moments in the West Indies. Some are about no more than flowers, cats, and the patterns of light; some are about war and the travail of modern life; a few are addressed to the shades of such free, tortured, burning spirits as Emma Goldman and Hart Crane. The author grew up in the Deep South and lived for a while in the San Francisco area, where he must have learned a lot about writing without fancy circumlocutions and "metaphysics" from Kenneth Rexroth. Mr. Combs doesn't imitate Mr. Rexroth, however. Or anybody else. That is the miracle. —S. R.

A DOOR TO DANTE: Dorothy L. Sayers's basic equipment as a commentator on Dante in her **"Further Papers on Dante"** (Harper, $4) is devotion to her subject, enthusiasm, and the informed result of wide and seeking reading. These qualities make a combination that can well reward the reader who is willing to tolerate Miss Sayers's sense of the sprightly aside and her (to me, often offensive) convert's sense that in talking about Dante she must run in a bit of sneak-proselytizing for what turns out to be not exactly Dante's Catholicism but, oddly enough, its Anglican stepbrother. I can grow especially weary of the number of amateur critiques of the modern universe that Miss Sayers seems compelled to let go in the process of her discussions. Speaking as one reader, I am grateful to Miss Sayers for her insights on Dante and am happy to recommend them, but I should like to propose a simple reader-treaty: I shall promise to read happily what Miss Sayers has to say about Dante, if she will promise to leave my soul, my moral judgments, and the contemporary universe for me to think about on my own. —J. C.

Neuberger

Continued from page 11

istrator. He will have charge of the great new interstate road program. In his home state of New York, Mr. Tallamy supervised the 432-mile Thruway from New York City to Buffalo. Signs on the Thruway are restricted to neat, standardized panels which indicate the distance to a general "Service Area" or the fact that a gas station and coffee shop are one mile away. These signs are in precisely the same pattern as those which herald distance, speed limits, directions, or curves. Actual commercial or brand advertising, as such, is forbidden. Two or three times I asked Mr. Tallamy if roadside business had suffered as a result of these controls on signs and billboards. He always answered in the negative.

Despite so categorical a reply from a famous highway engineer with actual experience in this domain, the outdoor advertising companies insisted—right up to the hour that my bill was narrowly defeated in committee—that restrictions on billboards would seal the fate of small entrepreneurs pumping gas, serving food, or patting down beds beside the roads. Yet, if our highways are made more attractive to the eye, will not a larger number of nomads set out upon them with their families—and will not these people need all the commodities and services offered along the way?

With one breath the outdoor advertisers try to hide behind the backs of small locally-owned roadside facilities by mourning that these places will suffer in patronage if signs are controlled. But with their next gasp the advertising firms insist that the ugly signs are not those erected in the interest of the mighty national brand-name corporations but, rather, the on-the-premises signs heralding restaurants, motels, etc.

Regardless of the equity of this claim, it is academic. The new interstate highways are, by law, to be breached by only limited-access conduits of travel for reasons of safety. Motels and filling stations cannot hem in the interstate roads because such direct intrusion would be illegal. These accommodations will be clustered principally around the interchanges—near the widely-scattered clover-leaf turnoffs. My bill, for cooperative Federal-state regulation of signs, would allow a limited number of signs at the interchanges but—to all practical purposes—not in the open countryside.

Such concessions have never budged the big outdoor advertisers. Their appetite for plastering our nation's road-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sides is insatiable. What if Mount Hood is shut off or a thicket of lush cedars barricaded? Who cares? The so-called self-policing imposed by the industry is largely confined to areas where signs do not have a high media value, anyway. The tiger vows not to eat carrots!

Said ex-Senator Lucas: "This country was built on economics, not beauty." Perhaps this explains why, only 150 years after Lewis and Clark were first to span what is now our nation, we have made such awesome depredations upon so many of our natural resources.

The tremendous hardwood forests of the Lake States are all but gone. We wiped out 60 million bison so fast that President Theodore Roosevelt had trouble finding a few hundred to save as museum and zoo pieces. Countless passenger pigeons were slaughtered to the last bird. In my home state of Oregon, greatest of the timber states, one sawmill community after another has cut itself out of logs. "Only God can grow a tree," wrote John Muir, "but only Uncle Sam can save a tree." But what if Uncle Sam gets into the hands of people who are indifferent to the pollution of rivers, to the wholesale shooting for sport of herds of elk and caribou, to the systematic destruction of the few grizzlies left in the Rockies and Bitterroots, to the draining of marshes where migratory waterfowl must find sanctuary, to the choking off of Chinook salmon runs which seek the remote headwaters to spawn, to the commercializing of the last handful of upland wilderness solitudes—yes, and callous, too, to the need for preserving the scenic majesty along our $33 billion investment in interstate highways?

Is that what we want in America?

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 750

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 750 will be found in the next issue.

ML MK JIHFDCBAK LB

ZD KMHYDCD AHXDKK

WBA ICD IXKB KLASMJ.

F. Z. KPIN.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 749

You have not converted a man because you have silenced him.

—MORLEY.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 45¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 37¢ per word; 26 times 39¢ per word; 13 times 41¢ per word; 6 times 43¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

SHOWCASE THEATRE STUDIO OF PLAYWRITING—a new technique for writers, practical stagecraft, studio performances, off-Broadway productions. SYLVIA LEIGH, 425 West 57 St., NYC 19. COlumbus 5-0538, LExington 2-1100.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscript. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, marketing. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1819 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

OUR book and booklet production-distribution program features author-ownership, 70% royalties. FREE FOLDER. William Frederick Press, 313 West 35 St., NYC 1.

SUPERIOR TYPING—Books, Plays, Etc. LEAHEYS, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

PRIZES for magazine articles; Awards Directory, $2. Box 434, Rye, N. Y.

AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE: Professional typing. 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

WRITERS! There is a strong demand in the New York market for all types of material. We offer honest appraisal and placement. Write for terms today! Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave. (at 79th St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

EDITING, TYPING, ALL FORMS of manuscripts—Theses, Books, Plays. GHOSTWRITING speeches, thesis quidance, et al. All subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 10 East 43 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5159.

RECORD MART

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, P. O. Box 155, Verona, New Jersey.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering) $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods, contrabass recorders, spinets, harpsichords. Free catalogue R117. HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC. (Visit our showroom, 147 West 57 Street.)

BOOKPLATES

NEW CATALOGUE, including many new designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

ART

Friendly little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bi-lingual teachers. TAXCO School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

ART SLIDES from World Museums. Send $1 for three 2 x 2 color slides and catalogues. ARTCO, Box 4555, Van Nuys, California.

PANTING FOR PISSARRO? For Connoisseurs: "Original Prints and Drawings of Modern Masters." Catalogue, 110 illustrations—$1. DEITSCH, 51 East 73 St., NYC 21.

SCHOOLS

PSYCHODRAMA. Creative living. Groups. 57th Street (NYC). Paul Kalina, PLaza 5-9322 for interviews.

HOME FURNISHINGS

BEAUTIFUL English Lawson sofa and English 18th Century sofa table and also various antique accessories. Can be seen in New York. Box C-935.

LANGUAGES

FREE TRIAL—Complete language course for home study by Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method. At home, easily, quickly learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Japanese, Modern Greek—any of 34 languages. It's like living in another country. Send for FREE Book and details of FREE Trial. No obligation. Try, don't buy! Linguaphone Institute, T-26-117 Radio City, New York 20. CIrcle 7-0830.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 1-S, Wantagh, N.Y.

QUALITY PAPERBACKS. FREE—New 48-page catalogue describing over 500 books in the famous Penguin-Pelican series. Write Dept. SR, Penguin Books, 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore 11, Md.

WORLD AFFAIRS. Books and pamphlets on international relations, U.S. foreign policy and allied subjects not usually available elsewhere, can be found at the World Affairs Center Book Department, 345 East 46 St., NYC 17. Write us or better still pay us a visit.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—literature, etc. Catalogue issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham, N.Y.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

BUY BETTER BOOKS AT AUCTION by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sample catalogue on request. California Book Auction, 376 Sutter, San Francisco 8, California.

COLLECTOR'S EXCESS FICTION, single copies. Limited descriptive lists. Box C-960.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOKS supplied-promptly! All subjects. Paramount Book Service, 39 Hopedale, Allston 34, Boston, Mass.

TRAINED BOOK DETECTIVES — Active searchers. Your book quickly located. No search charge. Send to BOOKLAND U.S.A., 31 Wadsworth SW, Dept. C, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, can get the books you want. Free Search Service. Box 2570R, Long Beach 1, California.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! Fast service. Try us—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

FREE CATALOGUES, Search Service. Old Favorites Bookshop, 36-A Yonge, Toronto.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MIDWEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

FREE SERVICE, thousands of books, complete assortment fine sets. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—Millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Massachusetts.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS, Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAPS & ATLASES

LITERARY-PICTORIAL MAPS edited by Dr. Henry J. Firley. United States, New England, British Isles, Europe, and World. Write for circular H19atSR, DENOYER-GEPPERT, 5259 Ravenswood, Chicago 40.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESTAURANT, adjacent to country inn, available for lease. Unique for two seeking home, business, country life. Hubert Moore, Whetstone Inn, Marlboro, Vermont.

CALIFORNIA BOOKSHOP in burgeoning community. Superior, fresh general stock. Modern interior. Box C-963.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

IN CAMELIA LOVING TOWN, a lovely, spacious, one-story home, guest house in yard. ⅝ acre lot beautified with lawn, shrubbery and trees. Write Box 514, Darlington, South Carolina.

CHARMING TWO-STORY log and clapboard house in Loudon County, Virginia. Completely furnished. Electricity but simple plumbing. Large fireplace. $6,800. P. O. Box 4923, Cleveland Park Station, Washington, D.C.

COUNTRY LIVING in a charming, restored Salt Box (with Studio) only an hour from George Washington Bridge. Privacy on 12 picturesque acres; brook and swimming. 3 bedrooms; study; 1½ baths, etc. Heat, too. Studio. Unfinished Guest House. $28,500. Brochure LS535 American Listings, 11 East 52nd, NYC. MUrray Hill 8-3824.

For Rent

REDDING, CONNECTICUT. Privacy, superb water view, accessible NYC express stop. Walled garden. Manor house, 5 fireplaces, 2 living rooms; library; dressing room, lavatory; 3 masters, 2 baths; 2 guest, bath; dining room, kitchen; up-to-date complete equipment. Terrace, porch, 2 car garage. Fine condition, easy maintenance. Furnished $3,400, or unfurnished, immediate possession. Entirely exceptional. Telephone Kansas City, TAlbot 2-3747 or Box C-964.

NEED TO "HOLE UP" for the winter? Writer's Vermont home, comfortably modernized, (2 baths). Excellent school. Glorious quiet December—May $500. Longer by arrangement. Box C-969.

In storied SNEDENS LANDING, unusually charming 18th Century eight-room house. River view, fireplaces, automatic heat. Furnished or unfurnished. 35 minutes from New York. Plermont 2-2339.

TRAVEL

EUROPE 1958 ECONOMY CIRCLE TOURS; folders now available. 35, 44, 60 days in Europe visiting 12, 13, 18 countries with Britain, Scandinavia, Italy, $975-$1,195 with steamship passage. All meals, excellent hotels, luxury motorcoaches, theater, concerts, opera. No extra expenses. Tours expertly conducted. MIDWEST Tours, Reidar Dittmann, Northfield, Minn.

CARIBBEAN TRAVEL SERVICE—Hotel and air itineraries to fit any budget. Specialists on local information. Write airmail for details on an island vacation. V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons, Box 103, Antigua, B.W.I.

WORLD STUDENT TOUR to Greece, Egypt, India, (options to Japan or Southeast Asia). Departure June 21, July 5. (Limited membership.) Rate $1,995, includes Around-the-World air ticket. Applications until January 30. Write CORONET TOURS, 530 West 6 St., Los Angeles, California.

CARIBBEAN YACHTING CRUISES—join a congenial group (or form your own) for a voyage between Antigua and Grenada. Gracious living, a different harbour every night, swimming and fishing in coral lagoons. From $173 weekly. Write airmail V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons. Box 103, Antigua, B.W.I.

RUSSIA, Poland, Czechoslovakia plus Western Europe. Various tour plans, frequent 1958 departures. Inquire for folders. Maupintours, Box 571, Lawrence, Kansas.

KNIGHT TOURS OF EUROPE. By ship: 42 days IN EUROPE, 12 countries, $1,059 all inclusive; 63 days, 18 countries, $1,197. By air: 60 days, 18 countries, $1,283. Director: Prof. Loring Knecht (French Dept. St. Olaf College), P.O. Box 350, Northfield, Minn.

FOR SUMMER SAILING CRUISES through Holland: Han Broekman, Trinity College, Oxford, England.

VACATIONS

MEXICO CITY VACATION—Weekly accommodations. Cultured home atmosphere. Reasonable rates. Isabel Carbajal's, Rio Amoy, 17, Mexico 5, D.F. Mexico.

NOTHING TO OFFER BUT GRACIOUS LIVING—HOTEL WYOMING IN BEAUTIFUL ORLANDO, FLORIDA. Located in a spacious tropical park with wide verandas making out-of-doors living a delight, Hotel Wyoming offers every opportunity to enjoy Central Florida and the unsurpassed winter climate to the fullest. Quiet, cultural atmosphere. American and European plan. Write for full color brochure. Box 3707, Orlando 1, Florida. NYC Phone ELdorado 5-4248.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Ski tow. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

IN MIAMI stop at ALHAMBRA HOTEL. Centrally located. Refined atmosphere. Rates moderate. Box 1981, Miami 30, Florida.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

WINTER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! THANKSGIVING! CHRISTMAS! Snowshoes. Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

PERSONALS

ART LIBRARIAN to head a public library department with collection of 35,000 volumes, 755,000 pictures plus visual aid materials and appropriate equipment; staff of 6 professionals, 6 clerks. MS degree or equivalent and supervisory experience required. $6,240-$7,280 depending on experience. Write Personnel Office, Minneapolis Public Library, Minneapolis 3, Minnesota.

A KING'S EXERCISE on a secretary's budget. LEARN TO FENCE. Absolute beginners—advanced. ALL EQUIPMENT PROVIDED. LOWEST FEES. MASQUE Fencing School, CIrcle 5-1498 (NYC).

HOUSE WANTED. East, Pastoral, modest cost, utilities unnecessary. Box C-971.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 2 Columbus Ave., NYC 23.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 (NYC).

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS. Two for $2.25 postpaid. Research Publications, Box 305-A, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

MARYLAND DOCUMENTARY FILM producer offers career young man, woman. Send background, photo, salary. Box C-970.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondences or single items bought and sold. Established 1878. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

YOU CAN BECOME A FOSTER PARENT to a needy boy or girl in France, Italy, Greece, Belgium, the DP camps of West Germany, Korea or Viet Nam. You will receive the photograph and case history of "your child" and monthly letters from him. Your gift of financial and moral support to a lonely, distressed child will bring you the greatest gift of all—a child's love. For information write to Foster Parents' Plan, Dept. 9, 352 Fourth Ave., NYC 10.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! Details free. Research Association, Box 610-N, Omaha.

BACHELOR, 46, careful driver, wishes leisurely ride to Florida, share expenses. Box C-966.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

MALE—services offered secretarial, modeling diversified, evenings, weekends. Box C-959.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN for a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

HAVE $5,000 TO INVEST, unlimited time. Idea Anyone? Box C-972.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

PERSONALS

ALAN WATTS will speak on SPEECH, SILENCE AND ZEN, 8:15 Thursday, November 14, Carnegie Center, 345 East 46th. Admission $2. For further announcements and year's subscription to monthly newsletter, send $1 to NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR GENERAL SEMANTICS, 2 East 63rd, NYC 21.

EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN DESERVE EXCEPTIONAL CARE. Young lady, college junior, desires summer position, companion, museum guide, tutor (English, History, Art) to one or two children whose family contemplates European trip. Available June through Labor Day, 1958. Box C-968.

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. Reasonable. LExington 2-8893 (NYC).

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY — Middle-aged professional man interested in literature and other arts lives alone (wife deceased) in comfortable house forty miles from New York, at home only nights and weekends. Desires to help talented young author or other creative person. Offers meals and lodging, private room and bath, free run of house and grounds including library and solarium, quiet seclusion ideal for creative work, in return for sporadic companionship and doing such chores as shoveling snow in winter, operating power mower in summer. Modest financial aid possible for deserving youth if required. Applicants should submit full details about themselves, giving educational background, interests, plans for creative work, snapshot. Applications confidential. Only the more promising will be answered, to be followed by interviews. This is frankly an experiment in cooperative and congenial living and may be terminated by either party at any time. Box C-916.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

AUTHOR RESIDING IN CONNECTICUT offers young writer or other artist (preferably married) a seven-room house, fully furnished and equipped at low cash rental plus part-time secretarial assistance and general helpfulness. State full particulars. Box C-950.

RECORDERS, LUTES, VIOLS, REBECS—send for catalogue. W. J. Anderson, 545 West 111 St., New York 25.

ENJOY MUSIC WITH YOUR FRIENDS. Play Recorder. Group and individual instruction. Alice Kraut, CAnal 8-1995 (NYC).

PLANNING TO BUILD? 60 plans for ranches, capes, split-levels and two-story houses, architect prepared to exceed FHA-VA specifications. Send 25¢ to Box 12, Boston 17.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Ask for free brochure. "How to Sell Your Autographs." Charles R. Hamilton Autographs, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3664.

"PLAYGROUND MUSIC" (Educational-Recreation), 16-page booklet. $1 from CARABO-CONE, 866 Carnegie Hall, NYC 19.

GENTLEMAN, linguistic, literary, university education; expert stenographer, offers services secretary, researcher, translator in literary or creative arts field; good English style; single, mature; hours, residence adjustable. Box C-965.

DIGNIFIED HAND MADE CHRISTMAS CARDS, 25¢ each. 10 limit. Box C-531.

BUSINESS WOMAN, grandmother, educated, gentle, adaptable, desires niche widower's home tutoring French, teaching art. Good driver. Prefer Florida, California. References. Box C-903.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish, European. Write M'Wethy, St. Johnsville, N.Y.

DISILLUSIONED TEACHER, gregarious young lady: AB English, year Latin America, Spanish; interested literature, history; wants rewarding, interesting work; congenial associates. Box C-976.

FLAMENCO GUITAR: INSTRUCTOR SOUGHT in Boston area. A. Vartanian, 53 Cross, W. Newton, Mass.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC. Complete issues 1921-1946 inclusive. Offers welcome. Box C-974.

DRIVER-COMPANION WANTED — live in Palm Springs, California. Male, single, age 25-40. Free to travel. Box C-981.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1233

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Describing the creature that "can't live on land and dies in the water."	109 77 146 81 100 125 122 20 36 31
B. One thing the audience ought to do during the sermon.	90 151 160 43 119 132
C. Because (2 wds.).	19 137 61 88 145 53
D. Ammunition wagon.	164 184 114 26 5 44 118
E. Making a holiday showing (2 wds.).	13 155 140 159 157 57
F. The weapon yearned for by Tom Sawyer, as the modern youth his switchblade (2 wds.).	48 117 87 25 78 130 55 11 23 168
G. Netted.	116 67 161 92 112
H. Heavenly body as classified in one of the less common spectral types (2 wds.).	62 158 69 52 143
I. To spur.	58 141 84 126 123
J. Spanish cat.	133 32 45 76
K. Minor Greek poet "in Heaven" (song whose tune was borrowed for the Star Spangled Banner).	28 42 149 171 107 136 79 65
L. Diminutive of Henrietta.	74 59 138 103 154 30
M. Dormant Japanese volcano in whose crater are shrines visited by pilgrims.	54 135 49 80 99
N. Top extreme of elaborate costuming (slang).	33 147 181 91 10

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Old age.	66 4 37 106 98 7 183
P. Ideals of character as manifested by a race or people.	182 178 46 64 144
Q. Ostentation.	152 186 9 163 97
R. What the audience sometimes does when listening to a sermon.	148 41 172 18 47 63
S. In a different manner.	128 72 24 6 83 176 180 27
T. Three-month-period to Macbeth, Robert Bruce, etc.	17 85 39 185 113
U. Given to contrivances, esp. those of doubtful character.	38 102 156 2 175 174
V. Winter apple.	129 142 115 108 162 56
W. A certain "blowpipe" for welding.	16 169 120 3 139 34 96 105 101 93 50
X. Very long, slender Hawaiian vine with pinkish-purple flowers.	14 127 71 51 166 94 73 189 89
Y. What the audience really ought not to do during the sermon.	110 188 95 121 75 165
Z. Abundance of bryophytes.	153 187 60 68 131 21 82 167 8
Z¹. An almond.	111 179 86 29 12 177 150 170
Z². English novelist and playwright, born in India 1862, whose pseudonym was "Harrington Hext."	15 104 1 124 173 35 22 40 134 70

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Blank squares indicate ends of words; if there is no blank square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 Z²	2 U		3 W	4 O		5 D	6 S	7 O	8 Z		9 Q	10 N	11 F	12 Z¹	13 E								
	14 X		15 Z²	16 W	17 T	18 R	19 C	20 A	21 Z		22 Z²	23 F		24 S	25 F	26 D								
	27 S	28 K	29 Z¹	30 L	31 A		32 J	33 N	34 W		35 Z²	36 A	37 O	38 U		39 T								
40 Z²		41 R	42 K	43 B	44 D		45 J	46 P	47 R		48 F	49 M	50 W	51 X		52 H								
53 C		54 M	55 F	56 V	57 E	58 I	59 L	60 Z	61 C		62 H	63 R		64 P	65 K	66 O								
67 G	68 Z	69 H	70 Z²		71 X	72 S		73 X	74 L		75 Y	76 J	77 A	78 F		79 K								
80 M	81 A	82 Z	83 S		84 I	85 T	86 Z¹		87 F	88 C	89 X	90 B	91 N		92 G	93 W								
	94 X	95 Y	96 W	97 Q	98 O		99 M	100 A	101 W	102 U	103 L		104 Z²	105 W	106 O	107 K								
108 V		109 A		110 Y	111 Z¹	112 G		113 T	114 D	115 V		116 G	117 F	118 D	119 B	120 W								
	121 Y	122 A	123 I	124 Z²		125 A	126 I		127 X	128 S	129 V	130 F	131 Z	132 B	133 J									
134 Z²	135 M	136 K	137 C	138 L	139 W		140 E	141 I	142 V	143 H		144 P	145 C	146 A	147 N	148 R								
149 K	150 Z¹	151 B	152 Q	153 Z		154 L	155 E		156 U	157 E	158 H		159 E	160 B	161 G	162 V								
163 Q	164 D	165 Y		166 X	167 Z		168 F	169 W	170 Z¹	171 K	172 R	173 Z²	174 U		175 U	176 S								
177 Z¹	178 P		179 Z¹	180 S	181 N	182 P	183 O		184 D	185 T		186 Q	187 Z	188 Y	189 X									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Pasadena, Texas

FROM *The Metropolitan Museum of Art*

24 FULL-COLOR MINIATURES

OF FAMOUS PAINTINGS BY *Leonardo da Vinci*

A DEMONSTRATION

WITHOUT CHARGE

of a simple and sensible way—particularly for families with children—to obtain a well-rounded education in the history and appreciation of art

THE METROPOLITAN MINIATURES PLAN • Once a month the Museum reproduces a selection of paintings *in full color*. Each set deals with a different artist or school and contains 24 fine color prints (slightly larger than shown at right) and a 32-page album, in which the artist and his work are discussed, and in which the prints *can be affixed* in given spaces. In effect the project is an informal but comprehensive course, in both the history and appreciation of art, for persons of all ages.

ONE-MONTH FREE TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION, WITH NO OBLIGATION—to acquaint you with the project. At no expense you can examine the 24 miniature reproductions of paintings by LEONARDO DA VINCI, read the album—then decide, within the month, whether or not you wish to continue. If not, simply let us know and we shall immediately cancel this provisional subscription. No matter what your decision, the introductory LEONARDO set is free. The price for each set (if you continue) is $1.25, including the album. With the first set purchased, and with every sixth set thereafter, you will receive free a handsome portfolio which holds six albums.

PLEASE NOTE: Since the Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum.

MINIATURES ARE SLIGHTLY LARGER THAN THIS *—and in full color*

LEONARDO DA VINCI: MONA LISA

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. **26-11**
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please send me at once 24 full-color Miniatures by Leonardo da Vinci, with album, without charge. This may be considered a trial subscription. I reserve the right to cancel, according to your offer, within one month or any time thereafter. If I continue after this free set, I will be billed $1.25 for each set of Miniatures with album (plus 10 cents for postage). To facilitate handling and billing, two sets will be sent every second month. With my first purchase I will receive free a handsome portfolio in which to keep six albums. Additional portfolios will be sent, also without charge, as they are needed. Whether I continue or not the free set is mine to keep.

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

M39

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED